

HUSTLER

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

JUNE 1981 \$3.50

**FREDDY FENDER:
CAN HE SURVIVE
SUCCESS?**

**SEX AND
COCAINE:
THE INSIDE DOPE**

**FUTURE
CELEBRITY
PREDICTIONS**

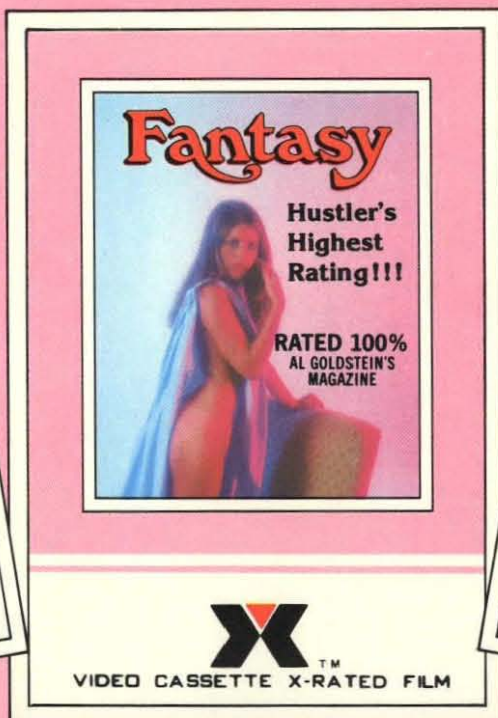
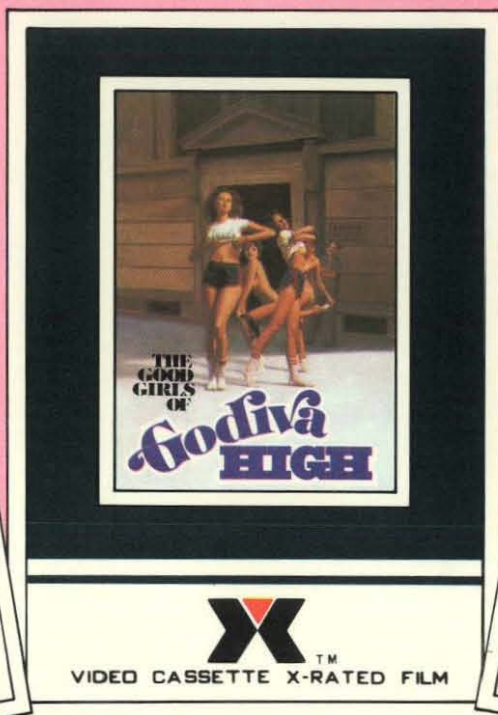
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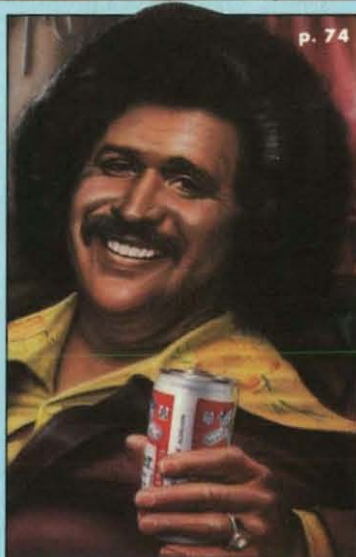
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No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

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We need your help. Write:



National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

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HUSTLER Magazine (ISSN-0149-4635) is published monthly by HUSTLER MAGAZINE, INC., 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. East Coast Advertising Office: 2 Hammarby Plaza, New York, New York 10017. Copyright © 1981 by HUSTLER MAGAZINE, INC. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights to letters sent to HUSTLER will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to HUSTLER's right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents; nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons and places in fiction in this magazine and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. All photographs posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photographs, nor the words used to describe them, are meant to depict the models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

HUSTLER JUNE 1981 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 12

U.S. subscriptions \$33 for one year. Foreign \$39. Single copy \$3.50 (add \$0.40 for postage). Change of Address: Six weeks advance notice, and old address as well as the new are necessary. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to HUSTLER MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067. Controlled-circulation postage paid at Los Angeles, California, and additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. HUSTLER is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office by HUSTLER MAGAZINE, INC.



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Madness Is No Excuse

I am angry and I am scared. Angry because more and more brutal killers are being defended in our courts with pleas of "insanity." And I am scared because if this trend continues unchecked, then each and every one of us is a moving target.

Now, don't get me wrong. Like any rational person, I know that some murderers *are* insane, that they have lost the fine balance of social control which separates us from animals. And for those truly unbalanced figures who have shown insane behavior, a defense based on insanity might be justifiable.

But "not guilty by reason of insanity" is a defense that high-priced lawyers and psychiatrists are using to wantonly destroy the idea of justice. The first order of business for our legal system should be to answer a simple question: "Did the accused commit the crime?" Forget the motivations; forget all the psychological mumbo jumbo.

The list of madmen who have used this defense boggles the mind— Dan White, who willfully gunned down San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk, then made a mockery of justice by claiming his madness was caused by "eating too many Twinkies"; David Berkowitz, who terrorized New York City with his "Son of Sam" murders; and countless others.

In my book, overuse of this defense is a sham, a hoax and a vile perversion of justice. The whole idea can be traced back to England's M'Naghten ruling in 1843. At that time, the court simply wanted to know if the accused knew the difference between right and wrong. But today that concept has become so abused by unscrupulous lawyers that it seems "insanity" is reaching epidemic proportions among murderers.

If you read transcripts of murder trials at which "expert" psychiatric testimony is given, your blood will start boiling. Wading through page after page of terms

like "mental illness," "stress-control factor," "diminished mental capacities" and "irrational defective reasoning," you begin to learn a whole vocabulary of legal cop-outs for killers.

Lawyers and doctors have a field day arguing these abstract theories. They get to publicly display all the knowledge they've picked up from textbooks. But in that jungle of mental masturbation a very simple concept gets lost: that one human being willfully took the life of another human being.

One leading legal psychiatrist recently posed a good alternative. He suggested that before a murder trial begins, the judge, jury and everyone involved in the case should go and take a look at a freshly slain human being. If they saw someone lying there, with his guts split open by a knife or bullet, and smelled the sickening odor of blood, feces, sweat and decaying flesh, then maybe when they got back to the courtroom, they'd cut through all the legal and medical rhetoric and face the grim reality.

There would be damned little time wasted discussing "why" one human killed another. Instead, the court could get down to the basic questions: "Did the accused kill the victim? And if so, how should he be punished?"

Murder is a concrete and dreadfully real event. More than 22,000 were committed in the United States in 1980, and the number of murders is growing at an alarming rate. But as long as a potential murderer knows that "diminished mental capacities" is an acceptable defense, then our streets will continue to run with innocent blood.

*Publisher &
Chairman of the Board*

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work sending powerful chemical messages to the women around you. You can add it to your favorite cologne, perfume or after shave. With Potent-8, you will approach any woman, enter any party, take command in any situation with a new and total confidence.



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HUSTLER has always believed it's better to make love than to make war. But sometimes people and institutions can be so damned pigheaded, you're forced to strike back, just to survive. This month we offer several stories showing how a healthy willingness to do battle can mean success, freedom... and even the difference between life and death.

Few segments of our society are more revered than the medical establishment. But in June's lead article, **HOSPITAL HORRORS: MAN-SLAUGHTER BY MISTAKE?**, **BRUCE HENDERSON** proves it's a reverence often unwarranted. This blood-chilling report on patients who were butchered, misplaced and even killed because of the negligence and incompetence of their physicians is a timely forewarning, since we're all potential victims. There are ways to arm yourself against doctor error, thankfully, and Henderson has listed some of them. A veteran California journalist and frequent contributor to HUSTLER, Henderson wrote our May profile of Aspen, Colorado, sheriff Richard Kienast. The companion art was furnished by **JOHN ANDREWS**, who illustrated January's *Sex Play*, "How to Achieve Vaginal Orgasms." Andrews's work has also appeared in other publications, including CHIC, GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION and *New West*.

Another kind of fight—one against poverty, racism and the disillusionment of the spirit—is described in this month's profile. **FREDDY FENDER: BRIGHT LIGHTS AND LONELY NIGHTS** provides an absorbing look at the triumphs and trials of country music's favorite Chicano star. The article was penned by **BOB ALLEN**, a contributing editor of *Country Music* magazine, whose writing has appeared in *Rolling Stone*



Cover by Mark Rice


and the *Baltimore Sun* as well as in HUSTLER and CHIC. Now senior editor at *Nashville!* magazine, Allen last appeared in our pages with a May 1980 profile of another country-music great, George Jones. The accompanying illustration is by HUSTLER regular **MICK MCGINTY**, who has created movie posters for such Columbia and Universal releases as *The Blue Lagoon* and *Flash Gordon*. He's presently working on a poster for *Superman II*.

If you've ever cruised the open road on a big chopper, or squared off against a pack of redneck know-it-alls—or even fantasized about such things—you'll get a special kick out of June's fiction, **WET WILLIE GOES BACK HOME**. This tale of the comic misadventures of a fun-loving biker and a free-living hippie was written by **RAY MILLER**, marking his HUSTLER debut. A native of Chicago, Illinois, Miller now makes his home on a two-acre spread in Missouri's Ozark Mountains. There he's hard at work on a novel, tentatively

titled *Goodbye Fried Chicken*, in which Wet Willie plays a major role. The stunning art was rendered by **DAN KIRK**, who illustrated our June 1980 profile of *Rolling Stone*'s Jann Wenner. Kirk's work has also appeared in *Genesis* and *National Lampoon*.

This month's important *Sex Play* explores the myth and reality of the centuries-old connection between **SEX AND COCAINE**, the wonder drug said to enhance lovemaking for both men and women. Coke's origins, uses and potential dangers are examined in-depth by **JASMINE BOYD**. An editor and writer for the Los Angeles adult newspaper *California Sun*, Boyd has written for such publications as *Cheri* and *Muscle and Fitness*. For the illustration we turned to HUSTLER newcomer **STAN MARTIN**. A professional baseball player with the Baltimore Orioles and California Angels organizations for nearly seven years, Martin decided to switch careers and joined Motown Records. While there he also took up studies at the Art Center School of Design in Pasadena, California. Later he was named senior art director for Motown, where he handled graphics campaigns for such recording stars as Diana Ross, Stevie Wonder and Marvin Gaye.

In addition, this month we've dusted off our crystal ball for a zany special feature foretelling what some of *today's* leading citizens might wind up doing *tomorrow*. If you think onetime radical Jerry Rubin's move to a Wall Street investment house is funny stuff, just wait till you see HUSTLER'S FUTURE CELEBRITY PREDICTIONS.

Once again, we've refused to pull any punches in our ongoing effort to produce the hardest-hitting, best-balanced men's magazine around. We think you'll agree our issue for June scores a solid KO. 



Bob Allen



Ray Miller



Dan Kirk



Jasmine Boyd



Stan Martin

Dominate Others With Fantastic Brute Strength!

"LET ME TEACH YOU THE SIMPLE SECRET PROFESSIONAL MUSCLEMEN USE TO BUILD UP THEIR BODIES IN JUST 90 SECONDS A DAY!"

by Joe Nazario, Mr. U.S.A. Physique Champion, and Mr. International.

Regardless of your age, weight and height, if you can spare 90 seconds a day, you CAN get back into shape!

Achieve these five muscle improvements within one month, or you pay nothing!

- ☐ See your abdomen become a taut wall of muscle!
- ☐ Transform weak arms into pillars of strength!
- ☐ Lift and broaden sagging shoulders!
- ☐ Develop a deep and powerful chest!
- ☐ Strengthen your back, thighs and calves!

I'm a professional body builder. I won the Mr. U.S.A. competition and the Mr. International contest. I'll probably win Mr. Universe this year. I'm also in the exercise and health consulting business in New York City.

So I'm familiar with exercise and body building programs. I've probably tried every single one of them. And do you know something? Not one of them is worth the money you have to pay!

The reason is simple. Every so-called exercise machine, every weight-lifting set ever made works on one of two principles: isometric (putting stress on muscles that do not move) or isotonic (moving muscles under stress).

So, when you pay good money for a machine or a set of fancy equipment, you're buying a gimmick. You can accomplish *exactly the same exercise value*, get exactly the same results, without the machine—**IF YOU KNOW HOW!** What's more, since machines and weights put a tremendous amount of stress on weak, underdeveloped muscles, they can *actually cause more harm than good*.

THE SIMPLE LOCKER ROOM SECRET THAT REALLY WORKS, IN JUST 90 SECONDS

In my years as an athlete and as an "iron pumper," I've seen hundreds of men get ready for strenuous competition. Each had his own personal mannerisms. Each had favorite warm-up exercises. But over the years, I noticed a simple, common thread that was common to all. *I actually discovered the simple locker room secret that the pros use to build up their bodies in just 90 seconds!*

That's right, using my secret, you can exercise *all 18 muscle groups* in your body in just 90 seconds. Eighteen simple exercises every day, just five seconds on each. And within two weeks or less, you'll begin to notice the difference.

You'll **FEEL** stronger! You'll **LOOK** healthier, your body will be **FAR MORE ATTRACTIVE!** I'm not talking about tiny differences you can measure with a tape—I'm talking about *great changes* you'll begin to feel yourself, you'll notice in the mirror, your friends will notice on the beach!

WHAT IS MY AMAZING SECRET?

Frankly, it'll cost you \$7.00 to find out. After all, a secret as good as this one, a secret that will make your body stronger, healthier, better looking is worth \$7.00! But I'll give you a hint. It's a combination of the principles of *both* isometrics and isotonic. I call it "Tonometrics." And it requires no special equipment, no fancy gym. You can use my "tonometric" techniques and special "tonometric" exercises in your bedroom, bathroom, even in your office during your coffee break!

There are 18 special exercises in all, one for each of the 18 major muscle groups in your body. And each exercise takes just 5 seconds to do.

SEE THE RESULTS YOU CAN EXPECT FROM MY SECRET "TONOMETRIC" EXERCISE PROGRAM—DEPENDENT UPON YOUR AGE:

If you are basically healthy and eat a balanced diet, the percentage of total performance can improve as follows using the "tonometric" program:

Age	Amount of Improvement	Age	Amount of Improvement
15.....	up to 100%	35.....	up to 180%
18.....	up to 130%	40.....	up to 150%
21.....	up to 150%	50.....	up to 100%
25.....	up to 200%	60.....	up to 70%
30.....	up to 200%	70.....	up to 50%

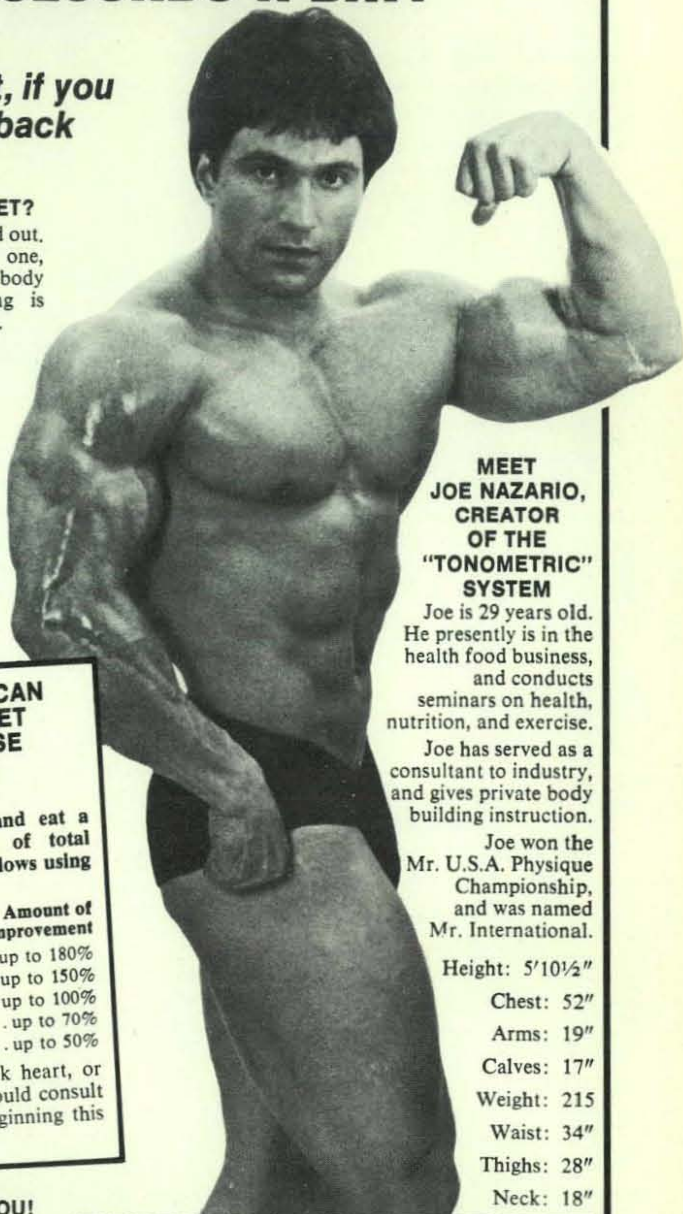
Of course, if you have a weak heart, or any physical disability, you should consult with your physician before beginning this or any other exercise program.

ABSOLUTELY NO RISK TO YOU!

When you send me your \$7.00, I'll send you a booklet explaining the "tonometric" concept, and outlining an exercise program using my 18 basic exercises designed to *trim down fat and flab . . . and build up weak, underdeveloped muscles*. **BUT I WON'T CASH YOUR CHECK FOR 30 DAYS!**

That way, you'll have plenty of time to try my amazing "tonometric" program, and decide for yourself if it's everything I say or not. **IF YOU'RE NOT ABSOLUTELY THRILLED, SIMPLY RETURN THE MATERIAL AND I'LL SEND BACK YOUR CHECK!**

What could be fairer than that? Since you've got nothing to lose, and only a beautiful, strong, firm body to gain, why not send me the coupon, and the check for \$7.00, today?



MEET JOE NAZARIO, CREATOR OF THE "TONOMETRIC" SYSTEM

Joe is 29 years old. He presently is in the health food business, and conducts seminars on health, nutrition, and exercise.

Joe has served as a consultant to industry, and gives private body building instruction.

Joe won the Mr. U.S.A. Physique Championship, and was named Mr. International.

Height: 5'10½"

Chest: 52"

Arms: 19"

Calves: 17"

Weight: 215

Waist: 34"

Thighs: 28"

Neck: 18"

Joe Nazario, Dept. 8V-31
Roberts Lane, Glen Head, N.Y. 11545

Dear Joe:

I want to learn the secret professional musclemen use to build up their bodies in just 90 seconds a day. Please rush me your complete program of 18 exercises ordered below.

☐ 1 complete program only \$7 postpaid.

☐ **SAVE \$2.** Two complete programs just \$12 postpaid.

Total amount enclosed \$_____ (NY residents please add sales tax.) No C.O.D.'s please.

I am enclosing my check or money-order for \$_____ which I understand you'll return to me uncashed in 30 days if I am dissatisfied in any way.

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Canadian and foreign orders send \$8 U.S. funds.

Marlene: Which health club can I sign up at to meet your luscious April centerfold, *Marlene: Soaking Up Pleasure* (top photo)? She is simply stunning, from her sumptuously smooth tits to the pink rosebud of her snatch. Marlene can give my muscles—all of them—a workout any day!

—N. L.
Santa Monica, California

Funny Business: I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on putting together some of the best cartoons I have ever seen in any magazine. I thought the wino cartoon with the black Martians coming out of the spaceship was superb (center, March), not to mention the "Radio Free Africa" item in *Bits & Pieces*.

—J. W.
Richmond, Virginia

Congratulations to Larry Flynt and HUSTLER for fulfilling the need for an informational forum to discuss the world's sexual-ignorance syndrome. I would, however, add my vote to those who object to some base and unfunny attempts at humor involving fetuses. This detracts from your otherwise wholesome thrust, including attempts to mend racial tensions.

—A.W. Edwards
USS *Neches*

I love your cartoons. They're gross, and yet they still have taste. Keep up the good work.

—C. Striegel
El Paso, Texas

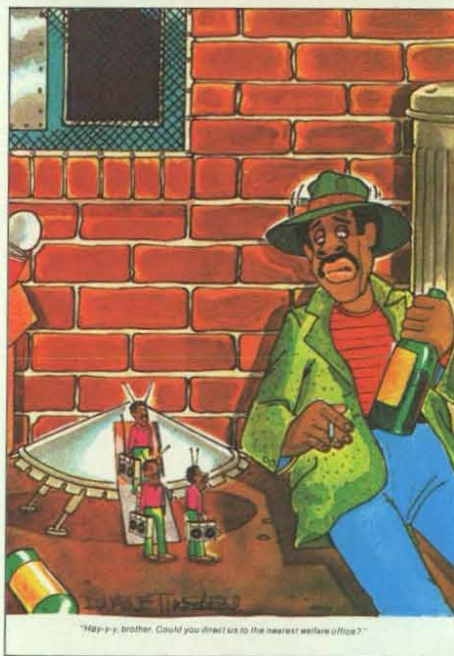
HUSTLER is the best jerk-off publication on the market, but I would like to point out one of your staff's worst misconceptions. Blatant ridicule of Christianity is not humorous. No matter how you slice it, it is blasphemy. This kind of humor is not laughable and only weakens a nation that is strong only because of staunchly religious people.

—Leonard C. McDougall
Fenton, Michigan

Bringing Out the Beast: After picking up your April issue, I decided I ain't going to pick up another one. Your photo-spread *Beauty and the Beast* (bottom photo) is totally outrageous. What kind of shit are you putting out nowadays—having a chick getting fucked by a werewolf? It's only going to turn on some demented mind.

—Len Gobek
San Diego, California

Publisher's Statement: Larry Flynt is an asshole of the first caliber. I am referring to his *Publisher's Statement* in the March issue, "The Real Majority." Flynt is too stupid to realize that the people who really care about this coun-



"Hey-y-y, brother. Could you direct us to the nearest welfare office?"



try elected Ronald Reagan, with a comfortable percentage—I'm happy to note—of blacks and other minorities who want to reduce crime and government payments to parasites.

Bullshit about the "real majority" being the 52% who did not vote. Practically all the people I know who did not vote are losers anyway, and Larry Flynt desperately wants to be the champion of losers. That 52% definitely "know this country's serious problems," as you said—they *are* the problems.

So make your voice heard, Larry—nobody's going to pay any attention to a creep like you. You probably have never given more than one or two decent blowjobs in your life.

—B. C.
Humble, Texas

I'm writing to comment on your March *Publisher's Statement*, "The Real Majority." Voter turnout reached a new low in 1980 because the American society has become nothing but a bunch of lazy asses. It's nonvoting, big-mouthed bastards like you, Larry Flynt, who are "this country's biggest problems," as you put it. So I don't want to hear you bitching about how this country is being run for the next four years. Why didn't you vote for Ed Clark or Gus Hall, who's a fucking Commie—and isn't that what all you lazy asses like?

—Barney
Ada, Ohio

Your *Publisher's Statement* "The Real Majority" (March) was right on the money. Unfortunately, I don't believe the majority of Americans are quite ready to voice their opinions as yet—and I would hope that it would not take something as serious as a war for that to happen. As for Ronald Reagan, one cannot help but notice all the John F. Kennedy quotes flowing from his shaky head, as well as eating up all the media hype. As usual, he is playing his role to a T.

—Bill Jordan
Fairlea, West Virginia

HUSTLER REJECTS: I've never written to any adult-entertainment periodical. I've never been that impressed to be motivated to do so—until now! Whoever the genius was that said, "Hey, let's print a HUSTLER REJECTS edition," deserves a raise and a promotion. REJECTS offers more pussy per penny than any other publication, including HUSTLER! Shaved ones, blond ones, one-on-one—I mean, what more could a one-handed reader want than page after page of luscious labia? (No, I have both hands, but one is busy.)

I might suggest that whoever rejected *Francine* in Volume 4 take his head out

of his ass. The sight of her makes my balls ache. You might also reconsider the exotic look of *Sarah*, the youthful innocence of *Melody*, the sheer beauty of *Jenny* and *Rhonda* or the long, inviting legs of *Laura*. Keep REJECTS coming as they keep me coming.

—R. C.
Van Nuys, California

Maybe you should send me a free subscription to HUSTLER REJECTS for noticing the blooper in Volume 4. *Jenny*, the fifth model, has a mole on her left breast in the first picture. In the second picture the mole has moved to the right breast, and in subsequent pictures the mole alternates between breasts. Are you so involved with your models that you don't notice these things?

—S. Shepard
Rockville, Maryland

The mystery of the shifting mole is solved with a simple explanation of photography. Photos are sometimes flopped over (so the right side becomes the left side) for layout considerations in the spreads.

Comparison Shopper: The very same day I bought the April HUSTLER, the president of *National Geographic Magazine* was being interviewed on a talk show. Some jackass caller asked him why anyone would buy a porn magazine

like HUSTLER to see nude women, when that person could see beautiful pictures of nude women in *National Geographic* for half the price.

I think this guy was nuts to even compare the two publications. Does *National Geographic* have pictures of *The (Real) Elephant Man*, which HUSTLER ran in April? Does it have porn-movie reviews? Does it show cocks and pussies being pleased in fantasy pictorials? No! I love HUSTLER and buy it every month. Keep up the great work!

—Dave K.
Norfolk, Virginia

Fire and Brimstone: I am writing to tell you to stop what you are doing to the people of this country with your publication. You are very effective in arousing the sinful human nature to its full potential, and once aroused, a person becomes a slave in bondage to this kind of material. You make a profit, but that person dies spiritually. I love you, Larry Flynt, but I do not love what you are doing. I pray that God stops what you are doing *one way or another!*

—Robert L. Franklin
Kansas City, Missouri

I just found your nasty magazine in front of my mailbox, and I am almost ashamed to be in the same world with

such sick minds that produce it. I couldn't believe the sickness, the vulgar display of God's bodies, the humiliation of God's wonderful creation to replenish the earth. I burned the magazine and, God knows with all the important things I have to do, found time to write this letter. HUSTLER isn't entertaining anyone but the devil.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

KKK Rising: Thank you for your article *The Klan Rises Again: Modern Methods for Old Hatreds*, in your April issue. At a time when most of America has forgotten that these hatemongers are still spreading their venom, this article was a good kick-in-the-pants reminder that the Ku Klux Klan still exists. Believe me, their activity is still very real to a lot of blacks who feel their very existence threatened. Keep telling it like it is, HUSTLER!

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

In regard to your article *The Klan Rises Again* (April), I am not in complete agreement with the KKK's activities, but I do find some merit in their attacks lodged against a notoriously antiwhite system in our society. This system does not deserve the allegiance of progressive white-racial idealists, since it consistently violates their basic human rights through affirmative-action programs, busing, etc. A growing number of white people simply will not tolerate these discriminatory conditions any longer.

—James Kevin Maloney
Ashland, Pennsylvania

I back the KKK in every way to rid the world of niggers. A "jungle bunny" is only good for sitting at home and receiving money earned by good white men and women. If "tar babies" can't stand prejudice, they should just go straight back to Africa.

—Monte Coltey
Scott Depot, West Virginia

Tell J. C. Maxwell of Franklin, Kentucky, who commented about the sinfulness of HUSTLER in the March *Feedback*, that I'll meet him at the gates of hell. If you gals and guys are going to hell for printing your magazine, why won't he for reading it?

—Scott W. Littlefield
Fairfax, Virginia

As a concerned mother, I believe that HUSTLER doesn't really care what goes into the magazine, just so long as it sells. Some of your articles are good in making the public more aware of certain things, but why put in all the filth? There is no need to exploit sex as if it were something sick or dirty. That type



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of thing puts bad ideas into young people's as well as adults' minds. The world is corrupt enough, and HUSTLER is not helping the situation!

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Sorry, Mom, but you've missed the point. HUSTLER's purpose is to encourage open and healthy attitudes toward sex in all its variations. "Bad ideas" are put into people's heads by those who would make them feel their natural sexual feelings are shameful and nasty.

Asshole Rebut: As a subscriber to *Policy Review*, I strongly protest your irrational outburst against Ernest van den Haag, February's "Asshole of the Month." This journal, in which van den Haag's pro-censorship essay appeared, has a "Controversy" section open to anyone, in which you could have refuted his statements. Then van den Haag could have had an equal chance to rebut your hysterical criticisms. Instead, you chose the cowardly way, with a heavy-handed attack in your own magazine. Your vague remarks about the "spirit of free speech" are simply made in your own self-interest.

—G. J. Lanning
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

By the same token, Ernest van den Haag

was free to use the pages of this column to vent his hot air. He has had his say, and we have had ours.

Who's Better? I would like to respond to the anonymous letter-writer in your March *Feedback* who said the reason why blacks were better lovers than whites was because they were home fucking all day instead of working. Why don't you go back in history to the days when black men were slaving in the fields while white men were home fucking our beautiful black women, making all those mixed-color, bastard babies. Why don't you ask your mother—that's probably how you were conceived!

—Shelby J. Lawary
Greensboro, North Carolina

To that guy in the March *Feedback* who didn't have the balls to sign his letter, I disagree that blacks are better lovers. I am a white male, and I definitely think white men have the patent on fucking. Why? Because they've been practicing for years and years fucking over blacks!

—David J. Heisler
Wooster, Ohio

I am a black graduate student at the University of Iowa, and I pay my share of taxes to support welfare babies of all races. Because of the ratio of whites to

blacks in our country, there are more whites than blacks on welfare. If people weren't so hung-up on the color of a person's skin, we would all be better off. I wonder if blind people have this problem?

—C. Hayes
Davenport, Iowa

Suggestion Box: We see girls, boys, gays and lesbians in action in the pages of HUSTLER. How about featuring a male after a sex-change operation to a female? No phonies, please.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Alien-ated: I am writing to protest pictorials such as *Too-Close Encounter*, in your March issue, and *Dream Lover*, in your February issue, both of which depict forceful sex. A rape is only pleasurable to the sick and demented fucker who is too hung-up to jack off. Women have enough pain and discomfort every month and when pregnant. So we men should deliver a little more tender loving care during the act of making love, as some of us still call it.

—D. M.
Manchester, New Hampshire

Tale-Telling: A friend of mine passed along the March HUSTLER and, after reading *The Magic Box* by D.S. Bradford, all I've got to say is "fan-fucking-tastic"! This piece of fiction was the ultimate in futuristic erotic fantasy. I commend the author and you for printing it, as well as the artist of the accompanying illustration, Pat Dunn.

—H. P. D.
Milton, Wisconsin

You've finally earned my subscription after a year of buying HUSTLER at the newsstand price. However, as a writer, I feel your fiction crew could use some help unless they're purposely writing for the high-school graduate, blue-collar worker. If that's the case, then so be it—I don't expect perfection.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

It's hard to believe your assessment of HUSTLER fiction if you've actually been reading the magazine for the past year. We are proud that some of our recent short-story authors have included three-time novelist J. Bradford Olesker (Fall Guy, September 1980, and Beyond Forever, January 1981) and award-winning movie and television writer Leigh Vance (Killing Time, December 1980, and The Eyes of a Killer, February 1981). Numerous agents and critics agree that HUSTLER's fiction is now comparable to that being published in any national magazine.

GRAFFILTHY



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World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Sex can relieve arthritis pain for up to six hours. Research at Philadelphia's Moss Rehabilitation Hospital shows 70 percent of 220 arthritis patients reported feeling less discomfort after making love. George Ehrlich of Temple University Medical School explained that the sex act releases a hormone called cortisone, which stops suffering in specific parts of the body, such as joints. At the same time, the brain sends other pain-killing hormones known as endorphins into the bloodstream. "Whether it's cortisone, endorphins--or even psychological--is beside the point," Ehrlich concluded. "It works."

Bioengineers in England have developed a microchip "sexometer" that tells a woman when it's okay to have sex without fear of conception. According to Dr. Heinz Wolff of the British Medical Research Council, all a woman has to do is place a tiny electronic sensor in her mouth once each morning. This sensor transmits the woman's body temperature to a microchip computer, which stores the information. When the temperature indicates the safe, or infertile, period of the woman's cycle has been reached, the computer activates a green "go-ahead" light.

A Polish track star who won Olympic medals competing as a woman may have been a man. A report by the coroner's office in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, revealed that Stella Walsh--gold medalist for Poland in the women's 100-meter race in 1932--had only male sex organs. An employee of the Cleveland Recreation Department, the 69-year-old Walsh was shot to death by an apparent robber.

Men and women think about different things while making love. A survey of 175 students at Bryn Mawr and Haverford colleges showed that males are more likely to think about "past sexual experiences" or about "what I'm doing or am going to do." Women, on the other hand, are more apt to fantasize about "imaginary sexual experiences." The study's authors say they were surprised to learn that nonsexual thoughts during lovemaking occurred among the two sexes about equally.

The First Amendment and freedom of choice have come under attack in at least two American states and a commonwealth. In San Juan, Puerto Rico, police raided three stores and confiscated 100 copies of sexually explicit magazines, including HUSTLER, CHIC, "Genesis" and "Swank." Copies of "Playboy" and "Penthouse" were allowed to remain on sale because police said they "did not satisfy the descriptions of pornography." Meanwhile, officers in Jacksonville, Florida, descended on an adult-movie theater and arrested seven employees for allegedly selling hard-core films. Those arrested could get 30-year prison terms. And at the Downey (California) Museum of Art, artist Elaine Good reluctantly dismantled her display of erotic paintings following protests by local citizens. Most of those complaining had not even seen the artwork, described as tastefully depicting nude couples in various forms of embrace.

A "do-it-yourself" abortion kit that induces bleeding by means of a vaginal suppository could be on the market within three years. Dr. Henry Foster of Meharry College in Nashville, Tennessee, reports that his institution is one of several now testing the new technique with the approval of the Food and Drug Administration. Foster said initial experiments on 28 women who were pregnant for fewer than 50 days showed the suppository provoked bleeding in all of them within two to seven hours. Eventually, this bleeding causes a miscarriage by washing the fetus from the wall of the uterus. The new method brought sharp criticism, however, from New York abortion foe Jeanne Head. "The woman has no control over (this) situation," Head charged. "Her life could be jeopardized if she isn't cared for properly."

In Paris, French hookers are being forced to compete for customers with a gang of transvestites from South America. A recent police raid on the Bois de Boulogne--where Parisians traditionally shop for ladies of the evening--turned up 100 prostitutes, all of them Brazilian men dressed in drag. Authorities say the foreigners hope to earn money to travel to Morocco for sex-change operations.

In a sharp crackdown on dissent, the president of Haiti ordered the jailing of more than 100 of that country's leading journalists, opposition leaders and human-rights activists. Some of the prisoners were brutally beaten; others were sent into exile after President Jean-Claude Duvalier warned of a "network of agitators" intent on subverting his ten-year-old regime. U.S. officials protested the action as a grave "setback to the democratization" of Haiti, where three-fourths of the population make less than \$140 annually and 80 percent are illiterate. ☹

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R. C., Mich., says: "I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.

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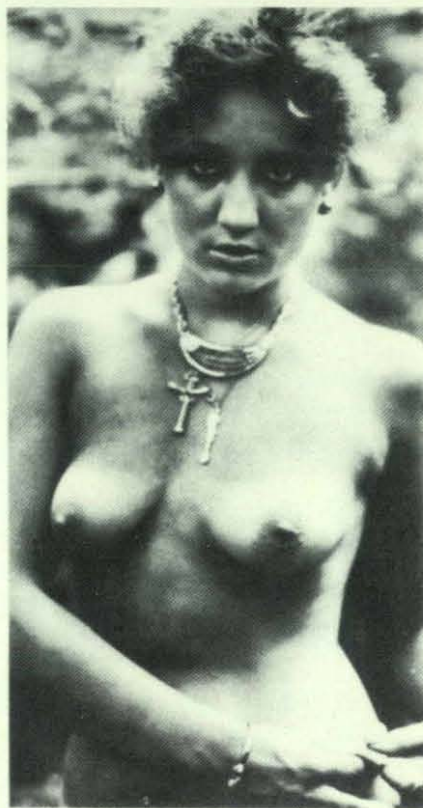
But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

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After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund and more.

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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: **HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.**

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Too Exhausted: I am a .38-year-old carpenter. By the time I get home from work, I am too tired to fuck. My sex life is going down the tubes, and my wife is getting frustrated. Are we condemned to just having sex on weekends?

—Y. R.
Pompton Lakes, New Jersey

Once in a while everybody feels too tired to have sex. The daily demands on people can exhaust them to the point of feeling too tired. If this is happening on a daily basis, though, something else might be wrong. Dr. Merle S. Kroop, Director of Education and Training at the Human Sexuality Program of the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical College, says, "If a person views sex as an obligation or performance, then he or she will definitely feel too exhausted by the daily demands of life to submit to further demands. However, some fortunate individuals perceive sexual activity as an opportunity to refresh their spirits and restore their energy." Dr. Kroop says the solution to your problem lies in making sex fun and pressure-free, rather than dutiful and performance-oriented.

Sex Drive: I understand that a certain male hormone will greatly enhance a woman's sex drive. What is it, and is it dangerous?

—D. F.
Overland Park, Kansas

The male hormone testosterone can act as an aphrodisiac in women. Even though all men and women are born with a certain amount of circulating testosterone, men usually have a much greater amount; therefore, it is primarily a male hormone.

In a recent study conducted at Kings College Hospital in London, England, the frequency and intensity of orgasm was found to be much greater among a group of women taking testosterone. Dr. Robert B. Greenblatt, professor emeritus of endocrinology at the Medical College of Georgia, says some patients prefer the drug in spite of possible masculinizing side effects, such as unwanted facial hair. Some women also develop acne.

For women suffering from a low sex drive, testosterone could be a big boost in the right direction. However, only a physician can tell

you if testosterone would be helpful to you or not.

Fake Orgasms? I am a 48-year-old man who has spent a lot of money on prostitutes. Almost every time they seem to experience orgasm. The last one I was with didn't, and when I asked her about it, she said she never did. I told her that most hookers I'd been with had experienced orgasms. She said they were just faking. Is that true? Do most whores just fake it, or do they really have orgasms with customers? —G. H.
Orlando, Florida

Dr. Lewis Diana, professor of human sexuality at Virginia Commonwealth University, recently interviewed 487 prostitutes. He found that about one-third of the women experienced orgasm while having sex with a client. About one-fifth of the women came during cunnilingus with a customer. Most of those who experienced orgasm did so about once a week, while a few experienced orgasm every day.

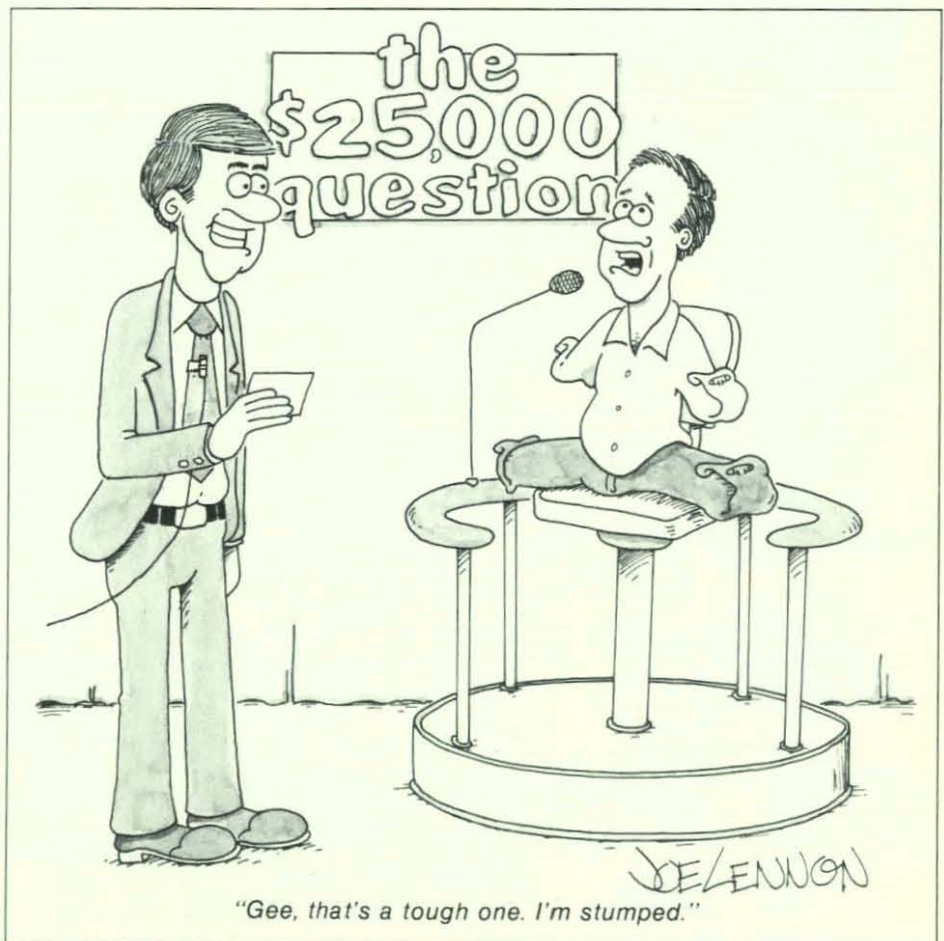
Dr. Diana reports that most prostitutes are emotionally uninvolved in intercourse with clients. He says, "Many are surprised by their orgasms, which may be triggered by various factors. For example, lack of emo-

tional involvement eliminates the pressure often experienced by women in a loving relationship. Consequently, prostitutes are more relaxed, and the physical stimulation itself may produce a 'reflex orgasm.'"

Prostatitis: I am a 27-year-old man with loads of problems. For a couple of weeks now I have had this pain in my abdomen, and it seems to be centered at the base of my cock. My balls hurt, and I feel a lot of pain when I get an erection and when I come. I've had blood in my urine the past couple of days, and sometimes in the morning I leak a kind of fluid that's not cum and not urine. I am convinced I'm dying. What kind of horrible VD do I have? I live in a small town, and I'm too ashamed to go to my family doctor. What can I do? —F. R.
Fillmore, California

It is shocking that you would risk your life because you are afraid you might have a venereal disease. Get to a doctor at once. Drive to a bigger town if you have to, but don't delay anymore.

Actually, from your symptoms, you may not even be suffering from VD. You may have prostatitis, one form of prostate trouble. (The prostate gland produces the major constituent

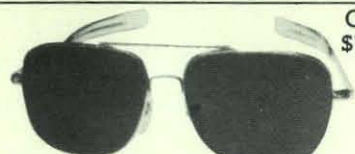


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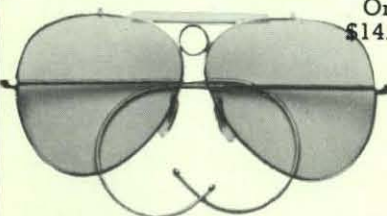
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of seminal fluid.) Many men between the ages of 20 and 30 are afflicted by prostatitis, which is caused by bacteria entering the urethra (the opening at the end of the penis) or by contamination of urine in the bladder (possibly you aren't urinating frequently enough).

Ordinarily a doctor can help you clear up this infection within six weeks using antibiotics. Many doctors also recommend antihistamines, tranquilizers and muscle relaxants. Hot-tub "sitz" baths and heat treatments can also bring relief, but will not cure the infection.

When you experience symptoms that tell you something is wrong with your system, see a physician immediately. If telling your doctor about any type of physical ailment you may have makes you feel ashamed, then he or she isn't a very good doctor, and you need to find another. In addition, rethink your attitudes about sexual health and well-being. No one needs to be ashamed of contracting a sexual disease, any more than one needs to be ashamed of catching a cold. Both maladies are caused by germs and do not reflect a person's morality.

Possible Pregnancy: Is it possible for a woman to get pregnant if she has intercourse during her period? I didn't think it was, but when I had sex on the first day of my period, it stopped. The next thing I knew, I was pregnant. How can this be?

—D. S.
Kew Gardens, New York

It is highly unlikely for a woman to be impregnated after having sex when she is menstruating. However, many women call any vaginal-bleeding episode "menstruation," and this is not exactly correct. Menstruation is the uterine bleeding that occurs two weeks (plus or minus two days) following ovulation, which is the time when the egg passes from the ovary to the uterus. Menstruation is the result of the egg's not being fertilized.

Dr. Albert Decker, director of the New York Fertility Research Foundation, says scant bleeding can occur when a fertilized egg becomes implanted in the lining of the uterus. In other words, you may have thought you were starting your period, but you were actually getting a sign that you had already become pregnant.

Dream Orgasm: Can a woman have an orgasm in her sleep? I would also like to know if you've ever heard of a woman having a dream about getting screwed only to wake up and discover her rear is very sore. This happened to me, and I was sleeping alone!

—Y. M.
Kingsport, Tennessee

It is not at all unusual for a man or a woman to experience intense orgasmic pleasure while sleeping. In such a state the

mind is free of ordinary daytime inhibitions. Therefore, it isn't surprising that some women with sexual hang-ups experience their best orgasms while dreaming.

Waking up with a sore rearend, though, is not as easily explained. Perhaps you are bumping up against something in your sleep, or fingering yourself.

Most doctors agree that people who are consumed by sex during their dreams aren't getting enough of it during their waking hours. Perhaps livening up your sex life will leave you free to sleep at night.

Too Big: I'm a guy who's gone out with lots of girls, but when it comes down to doing it, I get nothing. Once I strip down, no woman wants to have sex with me, because my cock is so gigantic, no girl will let me put it in her. All they are willing to do is let me put the head of my cock in their mouths.

Some women have suggested I become a porn star so I can get laid that way. I've seen the so-called "big" men of porn films, and my cock is much bigger. All I want to do is fuck. Please help me.

—A. P.
Waterloo, Iowa

It is extremely unusual for a woman not to be able to sexually accommodate even the most well-endowed man. When a woman is sexually aroused, the walls of her vagina relax and make a large enough space for any cock—unless something really peculiar is going on.

On the other hand, a genuine king-kong dong may present some problems. Since you didn't mention your cock measurements, it is hard to tell you what to do. Why don't you write again, and send a photo and your measurements? Until then, work with women you go out with to make them as relaxed and lubricated as possible. If you go slowly and are gentle, you should be able to have intercourse despite having a large penis.

Erotic Shots: My girlfriend and I are really into taking erotic photographs. I have purchased some expensive camera equipment, but I haven't learned how to develop photos myself yet. Do you know of any companies that will develop nude and erotic photographs without confiscating them or giving me a lot of grief?

—K. S.
Memphis, Tennessee

Two companies specialize in doing just the kind of work you describe. They are Etman's & Son, Ltd. (NUFO Laboratories, P.O. Box 811, Dayton, Ohio 45401), and Filmart (P.O. Box 8355, Universal City, California 91608). If you send them your film, you can be sure you will get all of your photos with no hassle. You may want to write to each company first and ask for its price sheets. Send
(continued on page 24)

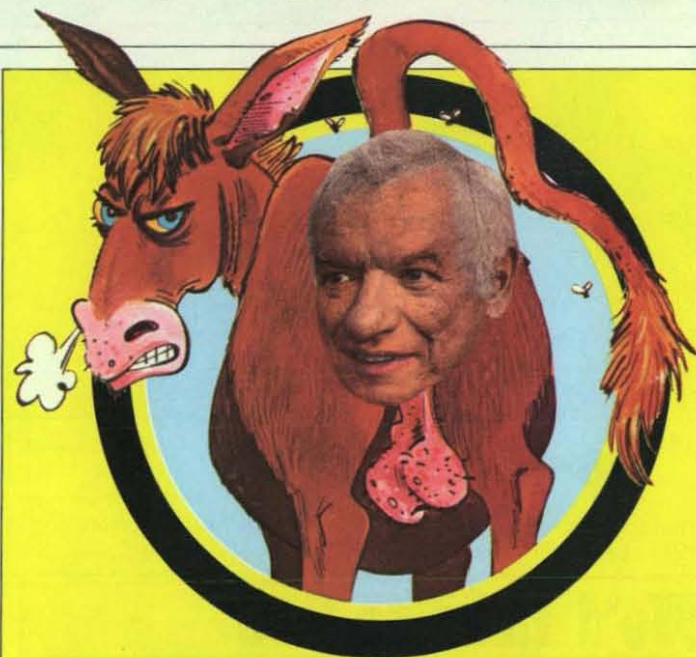
Bits & Pieces

Everybody learns where babies come from and what sexual intercourse is, and I think they learn it better in the home and in the streets than in schools." Those familiar, backward, lame-brained notions were written by Charles McCabe, a supposedly sophisticated columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He has the right to his opinions, and we have the right to ours. That's why we've honored him with our "Asshole of the Month" award.

McCabe used his newspaper column to attack the dedicated mothers and fathers of Planned Parenthood. You remember that group, don't you? It's the one that is alarmed by the more than 1 million teenage pregnancies each year, and is terrified by the new strains of venereal disease that have become uncontrollable. Planned Parenthood proposed that sexual information can be passed on in a rational, intelligent way—in the schools.

The columnist doesn't attack this group with facts, because it's hard to find facts to support his ostrich-like point of view. Instead, he argues that children should receive sexual information *only* from their parents or, even worse, from street friends who are often as naive as themselves. He completely overlooks the fact that thousands of teachers are qualified to explain the mysteries, joys and responsibilities of sexual experiences to curious schoolchildren.

In McCabe's simplistic, 19th-century point of view,



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Charles McCabe

accurate sexual information can best be passed on in the home environment. But good, hard data suggest there isn't much of a home environment anymore. Parents who work and are struggling to make ends meet seldom have time to discuss topics like male and female contraceptives, premarital sex, menstruation, masturbation, how to give and receive sexual pleasure—all very real concerns of contemporary American society. Even the highly conservative American Lutheran Church has gone on record as saying

the average family is not equipped to dispense information about sexuality.

If parents are too busy to tell them about sex, columnist McCabe suggests sexually curious children could learn about it in the streets. There they will surely get a grab bag of misinformation. Along with cheap and vulgar graffiti everywhere in sight, they will see billboards leering sexual messages and hear other kids sharing the standard locker-room talk and gutter language.

It scares us when we see someone like McCabe use

the power of the press to make irresponsible statements that supply ammunition to an already-repressive society. He goes on to suggest that Planned Parenthood and other sex-education groups have probably helped cause the epidemic of teenage pregnancies rather than helping to combat it.

He argues that since nothing is known about the future effects of sex-education programs, we should stop them altogether. If McCabe used that argument to criticize the staff at the Salk Institute during the 1950s, we might not have an effective polio vaccine today. He believes if we teach sex at all in the school systems, then we should do so with a purely biological slant, without regard for any lifestyles, emotions or human involvements.

McCabe completely ignores the fact that most parents have the legal right to exclude their children from any classroom discussion of sex. But not all parents have the ability or openness to educate their children about sexual knowledge.

We don't think society should deny alternatives to parents who admit they need help in explaining the mysteries and joys of sex. If we do as McCabe suggests, then the spread of VD and "street sexuality" will continue to be epidemic. Knowledge and reason—not ignorance and oppression—will provide tomorrow's solutions. And anyone who tries to stifle intelligent sources of education deserves to be honored with the label of Asshole.



The Chrysler "No-Car"

What kind of advertising will we see if Chrysler doesn't get another loan from Uncle Sam? Well, here it is... top of the

line, bottom of the line and right off the line—the "No-Car." Lee Iacocca said he sees "no future" without more government aid for his financially

troubled company; so here's the car for that future. It's light, economical, roomy, and the best part is the cost. That's right—"no" money.

Ads We'd Like to See



BONZO ★ GOES TO EL SALVADOR ★

co-starring
Ronnie Reagan as
"The President" ★

★ and in supporting roles:
General Alexander Haig
Jesse Helms
Howard Baker
and introducing
President José Napoléon Duarte
as "The Puppet" ★

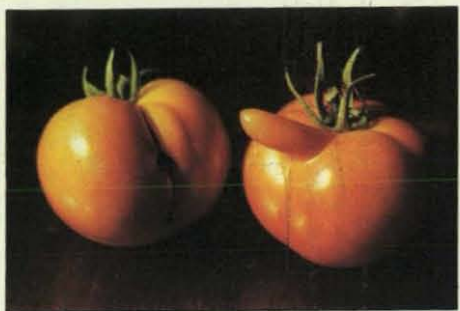
A Defense Department Production



Only in Sweden

This 1912 Olympic commemorative seal was obviously created in a period of artistic innocence, with no thought that there would eventually be a publication like HUSTLER Magazine to make fun of it. So we won't. Just because the picture depicts some naked guy waving a flag, with his cock wrapped up like a maypole, doesn't mean we have to make some sort of dirty comment, right?

Like hell it doesn't! Maybe in those days there was a "dickathlon" or a "200-peter relay" or...



The Birds and the Tomatoes

Are you caught off-guard and stuttering when your child walks up and asks, "Daddy,

where do tomatoes come from?" HUSTLER understands these delicate moments and

knows that you want to give your child an answer that's true, yet not too descriptive. So we're presenting these photos that were sent to us by a reader who be-

lieves a few pictures are worth a thousand dirty words. One thing we noticed was that the lady tomato must have been a virgin. Those little ones are definitely *cherry* tomatoes.

Defacing the Enemy

Here's another blow for good health undertaken by some talented vandal in Santa Cruz, California. The altering of the cigarette brand name to the

word *cancer* makes this billboard a truly effective ad for not smoking. HUSTLER would never condone the illegal defacing of private property, but we can sympathize with the anger over smoking's dangers that would motivate someone to make a public statement like this one. Cancer could be the experience of a lifetime—a very short one.



HUSTLER, DECEMBER 1978



PENTHOUSE, JANUARY 1981



Blown Away

Here's just what all you cowboys, cowgirls and potential suicide victims out there have been waiting for—a hair dryer that's shaped like a gun.

Think this is one of our crazy *Bits & Pieces* products? Nope. This real dryer is being marketed by Jerdon Industries, Inc., of Richardson, Texas, and will sell for around \$27.

As demonstrated by the model in the company's promotional photo, blowing your hair dry can now be as exciting as blowing your brains out. The so-called Magnum



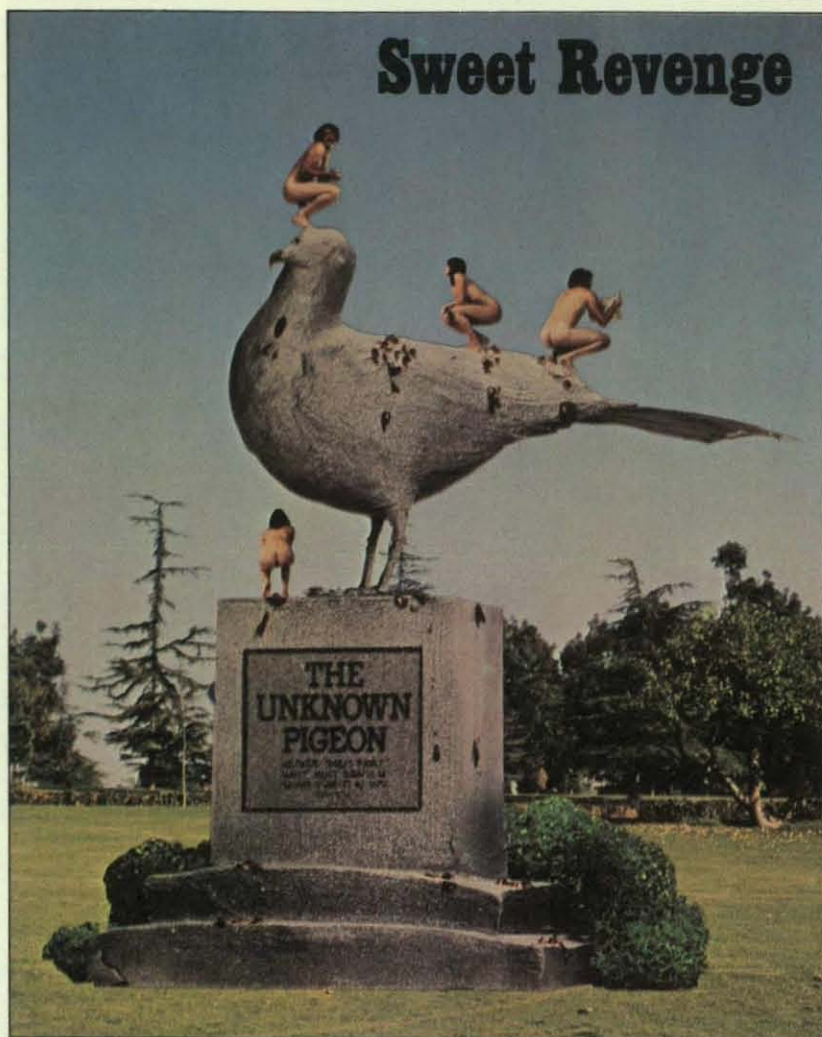
Dryer (it's actually a replica of a Colt .45) even comes with a cute white holster for storage.

But the best fun of all will come when one of the kids pulls Daddy's gun out of his dresser drawer so he can dry his hair just like Mommy. Some fun, eh?

Rip-off!

HUSTLER was shocked to find a photo from one of our pictorials in the January issue of *Penthouse* magazine. This unabashed rip-off of work done for us by Suze Randall is a case of shoddy business practice at its worst. We know our photos are the hottest around, but

Penthouse could have at least given credit where credit is due. This use of a shot from our December 1978 issue proves one thing for sure—*Penthouse* is just getting around to doing what HUSTLER left behind three years ago. What's next, *Penthouse*... Scratch 'n' Sniff?



Sweet Revenge

According to pigeon enthusiast Emma Pedersen, there is a statue in Belgium commemorating the bravery of messenger pigeons in World War I. Ms. Pedersen knows that because she likes pigeons. She likes pigeons so much, in fact, she faced a \$30,000 lawsuit for feeding them. Pedersen's neighbors charged that the pigeons attracted by her feedings were disease-carriers that left their droppings all over the place. Anyone visiting a park with statues can understand such a complaint. We wonder if the Belgian people will take a cue from HUSTLER and leave reminders at the monument, lest we forget the work pigeons have done.



Penthouse Loses Suit

Miss Wyoming 1978, Kimerli Pring, has been awarded a damage payment of \$26.5 million in a suit she filed against *Penthouse* magazine. The suit (which is being appealed) alleged that an August 1979 fiction article about a Miss Wyoming who could levitate men by oral sex "libeled her, invaded her privacy and constituted outrageous conduct."

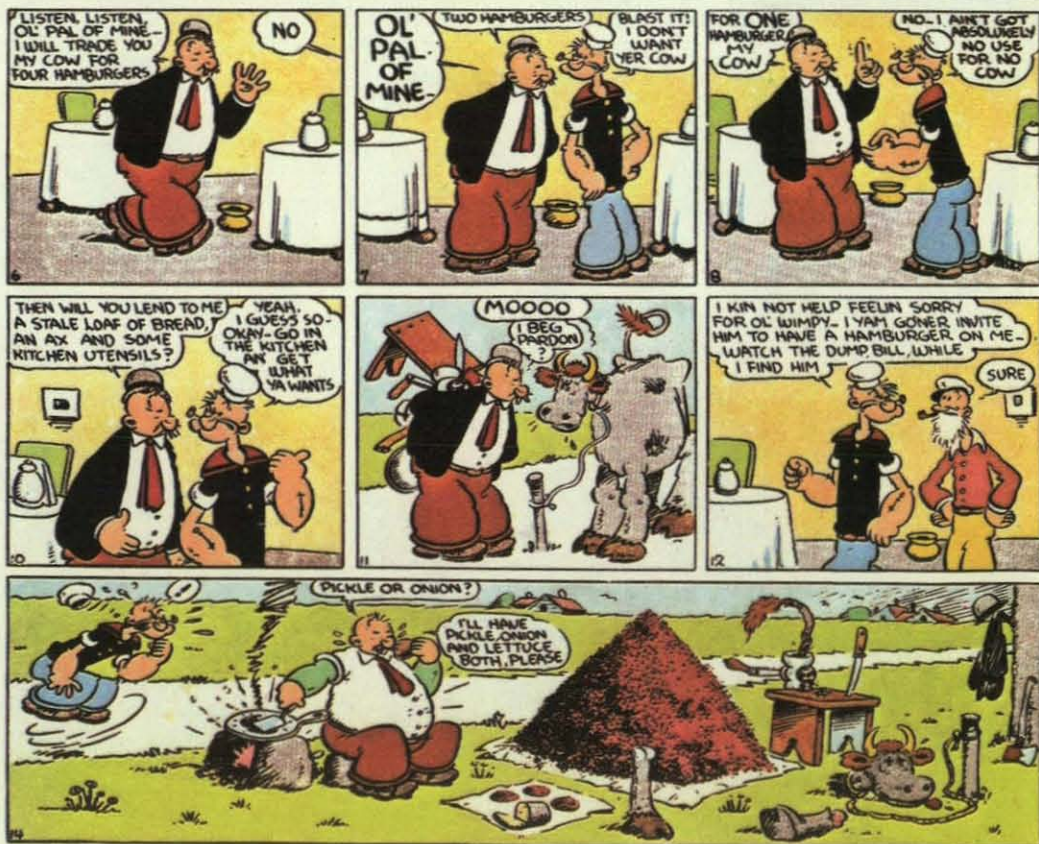
The article's author was Philip Cioffari, who wrote a nonfiction feature, *Separation of Church and State*, for the October 1980 issue of the hot sex magazine CHIC. But as is the procedure for all Larry Flynt Publications, our diligent research staff verified all the relevant facts.

A Great Moment in Gross Humor

If you thought HUSTLER was the first to notice that readers love to be grossed out by "disgustipatin'" cartoons, check out this excerpt from a 1933 *Popeye* comic strip.

Contained in a book called *Popeye: The First Fifty Years* (\$8.95 from Workman Publishing Company, Inc., 1 West 39th Street, New York, NY 10018), it reportedly appeared in print at a time when "soiled socks, snakes and too much female" were on newspaper publishers' list of comic-strip don'ts.

Obviously, critics and censors were as hypocritical then as they are today, seeing bloody violence as more acceptable than sex.



Truth in Underwear

First everybody's T-shirt had something to say. Then the fad caught on with underwear, and now everybody's shorts have a story to tell too. What bothers us is that some of the sayings aren't honest.

We're tired of all the bullshit in men's underwear. Novelty briefs that say things like "Home of the Whopper" and "You're in for a Big Surprise" are often misleading and can cause hard (or not so hard) feelings. We thought you'd like to see some underwear that tells it like it is. Remember—a girl can see right through a guy who's lying in his shorts.



Las Vegas Fire Extinguisher

Late last year the MGM Grand Hotel caught fire, resulting

in tragedy. Next, the Las Vegas Hilton was struck with a serious blaze. Frankly, we're somewhat suspicious. Everyone knows the odds are against you in Vegas, but isn't this carrying things a bit too far?

Relief for the Blues

Have you ever wondered what John Belushi does with his Saturday nights now? From the looks of this photo, he has finally moved up to Ready-for-Prime-Time reading with HUSTLER. The photo, apparently taken during the shooting of a prison sequence in *The Blues Brothers*, appeared in a book called *Blues Brothers—Private* (\$7.95 from Perigee Books, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016).



Actually, we're not surprised to see Belushi reading our magazine on the set. It doesn't take an actor to know that HUSTLER is a great way to get into your part.

Clear Your Throttle

Japanese trend-setters have beaten out the U.S. auto industry again. Datsun has a car that talks. Drivers of the new Datsun 810 will be able to hear a soft female voice say

things like "Please turn off the lights" or "The oil pressure is dropping." Since nagging cars seem inevitable, we can't wait



to see the American versions—particularly if Reagan eases safety standards. Maybe there'll be a model that gives last rites.

Illegal Aliens



Federal officials have given an estimate that a half-million illegal aliens are entering the United States each year. After seeing this photograph, it doesn't surprise us.

How are you supposed to stop UFOs from crossing the Rio Grande? The worst part is that these aliens are stealing jobs right out from under poor American citizens... not to mention wetbacks! It's a fine state of affairs when a guy from another galaxy can come to America, get a fake Social Security number and beat out an unskilled Mexican for welfare payments after the lettuce company lays him off.

HUSTLER Magazine is incensed and outraged, and it calls upon the Department of Immigration to stop this growing influx of illegal aliens. Little green cards—yes! Little green men—no!

Finger-Lickin' Good-bye

Not everyone was sad to see Colonel Sanders go. The reader who sent this photo caught his rooster giving the Colonel a one-finger salute after hearing the old man had passed away.

According to the contributor, the fowl was disappointed the Colonel died a natural death. He was hoping that when Sanders kicked the bucket, it would be from chicken pox.



Read It and Weep

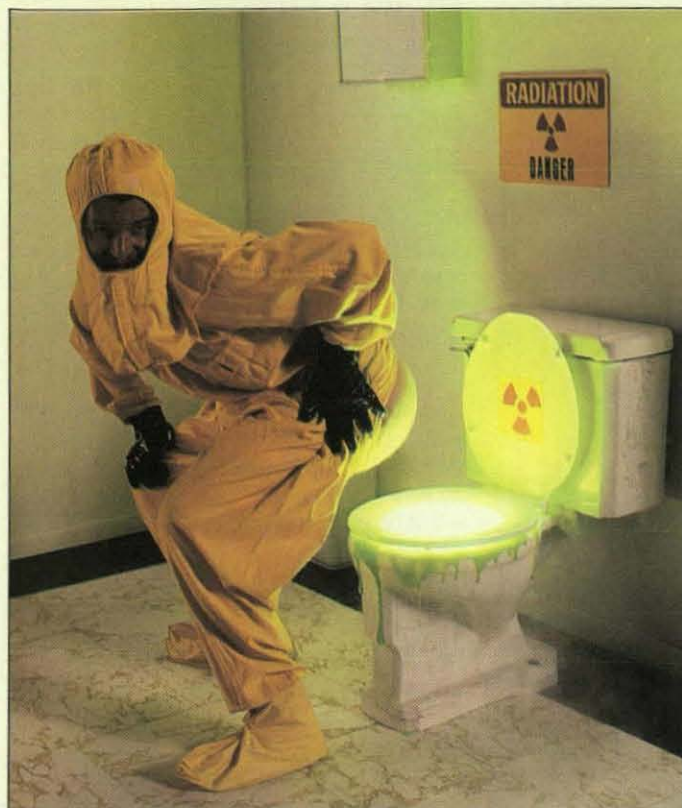
We knew the folks of Plains, Georgia, would be glad to have Jimmy Carter back. However, airport officials made this special provision, knowing that Billy would be in the former president's greeting party.



Don't Bite the Big One

That ain't no Coney Island frankfurter, lady! That's a real wienie! We don't quite know what the reader who sent this photograph was thinking, but it hurts us just to look at it. This is absolutely a time when it's better to blow your lunch.



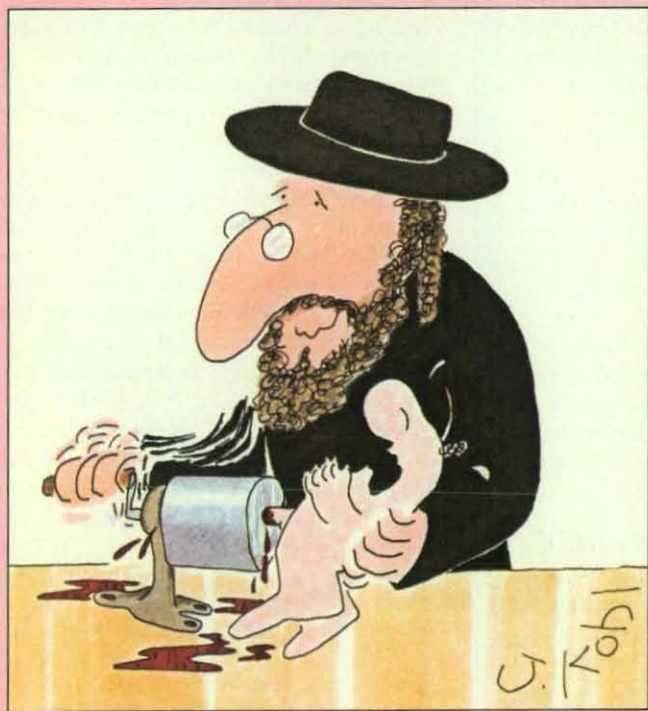


Toxic Dump Site

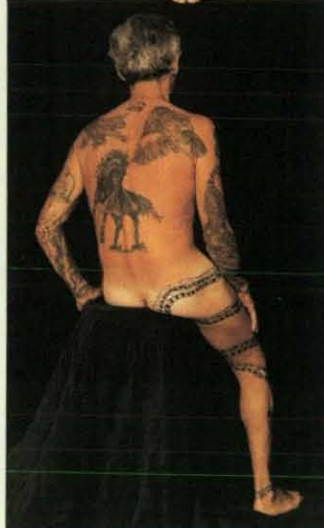
Next to nuclear hemorrhoids, we can't think of anything worse than a condition like this!

We've tried to warn the public about the horrifying effects of working with radioactive materials. In April 1980 we printed shocking photos of the results! But some people don't give a shit. And when they finally do . . . look what happens!

Most Tasteless Cartoon



Edited by Bruce Helford



Hung Like a Snake

Sam Nastari claims to have the longest—snake tattoo, that is. It starts on the head of his cock, wraps around his ass, winds down his leg and ends up on his big toe. The entire length of the tattoo is reportedly 11 feet, 9 inches . . . without an erection. Our hats are off to Sam for enduring the intense pain he must have suffered while the tattooist's needle was digging into his sensitive parts. Some people can't even stand to have their big toe touched.

HUSTLER Update

THE DRAFT
May '81

Last issue we revealed new sentiment in the U.S. government toward reviving the draft. As everyone knows, there's more than words behind that sentiment. While the Selective Service System was denying plans to reinstitute the draft last fall, it prepared notices for 35,000 unsuspecting young men whose names were chosen in a "practice" lottery. This was part of a Defense Department mobilization exercise, with 80 government and military organizations participating. The exercise was a complete run-through of the draft-notification process from a review of registrants to the preparation of inductee notices. These were then sent to reservists who had been previously notified the procedure was only a test. Looks like war may once again be in the hearts of man.



AMNESTY
INTERNATIONAL

October '80

Amnesty International's constant struggle



to right human-rights violations has turned up evidence that the Guatemalan government, with the knowledge of President Romeo Lucas Garcia, is carrying out the torture and murder of so-called "subversives." Amnesty International reports that government-controlled death squads have murdered clergy, lawyers, doctors, community workers and others suspected of anti-government activities. The human-rights group claims that 3,000 deaths and disappearances which occurred in Guatemala in 1980 are linked to this campaign of terror.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for interesting stories and visuals for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For June, \$150 and thanks to David Anderson, Jules Blattner, Holly Christiansen, George Goulart, Darryl Johnson, Sam Nastari and Bob Sinnamon.



THIS MONTH IN CHIC

JUNE ISSUE ON SALE NOW



POKER AMONG THE GIANTS—Once a year at Binion's Horseshoe Hotel and Casino, in Las Vegas, Nevada, the best players in the world—such experts as "Texas Dolly" Brunson, "Iron Man" Skinner and "Texas Johnny" Moss—gather to pit their skills and money against one another and determine who will be the World Champion of Poker. The total pot amounts to nearly a million dollars, and the action lasts for days. Roger Dionne takes CHIC into the fascinating world of big-stakes games of chance.

LEIGH STEINBERG: DEVIL OR ANGEL SPORTS AGENT?—He's the man who has negotiated some of the most lucrative contracts in sports history. But he's also a maverick who wants to lower ticket prices, bring ethics to the bargaining table and see that his clients have something besides bad knees at the end of their careers. He's a contradiction to the normal sports-agent image—almost. An uplifting profile by Michael Ross.

MUTINY AT SEA—Steve is the young captain of the multimillionaire's yacht, and Francesca is the owner's voluptuous wife. Though their desire for each other has to remain stifled while they're under the deadly gaze of her Mafioso husband, they are fated to come together. When they do, the action becomes bloody, fast and furious. An intricately spun yarn from Dave Yuzo Spector.

PLUS—A look at who enjoys sex more—men or women—in *SEX LIFE*, the wild wanderings of *ODDS & ENDS*, ladies and gentlemen searching for passion in *CLASSIFIED FOR SWINGERS*, an all-American boy who grew up to become one of porn's biggest film stars in *CLOSE-UP*, and CHIC's wonderful women to fill lonely nights.

ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 16)

one roll of film to each firm, and then continue to use the one you feel does the best job.

Herpes News: I am one of your faithful readers who suffer from herpes. A friend of mine said he heard something recently about a new drug that works to cure the genital sores caused by herpes. Why haven't you mentioned this medication in your column?

—F. S.
New York, New York

So many people suffer from herpes and are waiting for a cure, it seems unfair to mention one until it is proved effective and made available to the public. However, you are correct. A new drug is presently being tested and seems to clear up the sores and blisters herpes victims know so well. The drug, developed by the Burroughs Wellcome Company, is called acyclovir. It will most likely be known by the brand name Zovirax.

Herpes is caused by a virus, and viruses are extremely difficult to treat because they live and reproduce inside living human cells. Any medication that has proven to be effective against viruses usually ends up killing healthy cells too. Zovirax doesn't. It kills only the virus. However, the drug still needs to undergo a great deal of testing, and probably won't be available until late this year.

Nude Vacation: My wife and I would like to go on a nude vacation this year for a change. Do you know of any resorts or places we can apply to in advance? We'd hate to miss out on seeing this fantasy come to life.

—F. D.
Miami, Florida

Skinny-Dip Tours in New York City books reservations for a vacation in any one of many nude resorts and vacation spots in the U.S. and abroad. For information, call 212-697-1225. You may be interested in knowing that one of the oldest and most picturesque nudist resorts in the United States is located in your home state. *Skinny-Dip Tours* can book you in for a week at Cypress Cove, in Florida. California has more nude resorts than any other state, and *Skinny-Dip* can book you into most of them as well.

Also, you may want to contact *The Fun Club* (P.O. Box 432-NR, Bellflower, California 90706) and the *National Nudist Council* (Tippecanoe, Ohio 44699). Both of these groups have a great deal of information on nudist clubs and resorts throughout the U.S. You can also obtain a copy of the book *World Guide to Nude Beaches and Recreation* directly from Stonehill Publishing or the *Naturists* (P.O. Box 132, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54902) for \$10.95 plus \$1 shipping. (The *World Guide* is reviewed in this month's *X-Rated Reviews*, page 30.)



"Wow, I coulda had a V-8!"

HUSTLER

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Glenn Hunter

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue

Produced, directed and written by Gerard Damiano; starring Lysa Thatcher, Hillary Summers, Jody Maxwell, Sharon Mitchell, Tiffany Clark, Annie Sprinkle, Coral Cie, Carlyn Sand, R. Bolla, Herschel Savage, George Payne, Ron Hudd and Mal O'Ree.

If you're looking for something different in X-rated fare, look no farther. Gerard Damiano's newest movie, *The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue*, is in a class by itself. This bold, futuristic adventure blasts off where other films peter out as it tastefully explores the twilight zone of man's carnal appetite.

The flick deals with the exploits of the "satisfiers," a group of insatiable human sex machines who practice their craft at a sex resort called Alpha Blue. Their sole purpose in life is to provide sexual gratification for a space-age society so streamlined and worry-free that there is nothing to think about but physical pleasure. In the words of the narrator, "The world was perfect . . . almost."

What the founding fathers—or founding test tubes—didn't foresee was a romantic anachronism in the form of Algon (R. Bolla), who longs for things as they were 100 years before. A time when people ate food, not



Mal O'Ree and dominatrix Annie Sprinkle enjoy a boot-licking good time in 'The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue.'

pills, and sex involved love, not just lust.

As the film opens, we find Algon and Griffin (Herschel Savage) relaxing in a lounge at the resort, where both are employed. Griffin seems to be taking full advantage of his job, not letting a single hour slip by without an orgasm. Algon, on the other hand, is bored. He simply watches while his friend orders the *menage-a-quatre* (with

Lysa Thatcher, Hillary Summers and Jody Maxwell) that sets the tone for the intense, wall-to-wall sex action that pervades *Satisfiers*.

After Griffin is temporarily satiated, he discusses Algon's "problem" with him as they stroll through an appropriate setting of rusting rocket ships. "This is a fucking graveyard," Algon says. "Pussy, pussy, pussy. It's not enough,

you know. What about love?"

His friend responds: "You know, you're right. There's never enough pussy."

Algon, however, is in love, and he knows from reading history that love can conquer all. The object of his affection is a talented "satisfier" (Thatcher), who herself is in love—in love with her work.

As Algon pursues the girl, we're treated to an insider's tour of Alpha Blue. Several episodes here are worth noting. In one, Thatcher, Summers and Maxwell find themselves with some free time between fucks and decide to order up a little pleasure for themselves. Suddenly, three men and a woman materialize from a cylindrical teleporter, and the ensuing scene of the "satisfiers" being satisfied is truly hot. In another, Damiano reveals his pioneering spirit by showcasing Annie Sprinkle's watersports and dominatrix talents in a one-on-one with Mal O'Ree.

Does Algon's amorous attitude prevail? You'll have to see the film to find out. But don't

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.



Intent on getting her fair share, Portia enjoys a taste of star Hillary Summers's sweet innocence in 'Justine.'

expect to come away having learned any profound truths about the relative merits of love and lust. This Damiano offering earns our highest rating not because of the story itself, but because of the masterful techniques employed in its telling.

The cinematography and special effects are terrific, and the musical score is magnificently integrated with the action. These factors and a few cinematic novelties make *The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue* a genuine winner. —Jim Heinisch

Justine: A Matter of Innocence

Produced, directed and written by Robert R. Walters; starring Hillary Summers, Vanessa Del Rio, Merle Michaels, Ashley Moore, Christie Ford, Andy Hayes, Christine De Shaffer, Portia, Robin Stein, Suzanne Raven, Rick Iversen, Dave Ruby and Peter Velo.

If you're old enough, you might remember seeing a battered print of the vintage porn classic *The Nun*, which people used to show at orgies back in the 1950s. In those early days of sex flicks, many of the sets looked suspiciously like sleazy motel rooms. When you see the

sets in Robert R. Walters's *Justine: A Matter of Innocence*, you'll know that porn has come a long way indeed.

The setting for this gentle, top-of-the-line blue movie is a spectacular tree-shrouded mansion—the kind where chauffeur-driven limousines are sure to be parked out front. *Justine's* story line, though, is rather simple, dealing with a young virgin who goes to live with a wealthy uncle following the death of her father. The rest of the tale unfolds slowly, and it's as predictable as a cum-shot: Our heroine ultimately loses her innocence.

When Justine (Hillary Summers) first arrives at the mansion, she acts the part of the naive, sheltered rich kid, and that's exactly the way she's treated by her Uncle Steven (Ashley Moore) and her cousin (Andy Hayes). Meanwhile, Uncle Steven is into his own brand of kinky, jet-set sex. The scene he and Vanessa Del Rio share in a giant bathtub is explicit enough to put sex therapists out of business. When Del Rio shows pink and demands, "Eat my pussy!" not many men could refuse.

Throughout the film, Justine is hit on by most of the leading characters. She runs away from an attempted rape by the demented gardener (Dave Ruby),

submits to cunnilingus from her uncle's ex-wife and gives her cousin a first-rate blowjob at a drive-in movie. But still she remains a virgin, content with girlish masturbatory fantasies that involve her uncle.

There are other sex scenes too, and every one of them comes off smoothly—all developed as organic subplots within the context of the flick. In fact, that element combines with the lush sets, superior camerawork, expert editing, and believability of the characters to give *Justine* its outstanding class.

In the end, of course, Justine

surrenders her maidenhead to Uncle Steven. But it all happens so abruptly that you're a little disappointed when the film is finally over.

Beyond mention of that minor flaw, only one thing remains to be said about this picture: Go see it!

—Thomas H. Schulz

Sweet Cheeks

Produced, directed and written by Adele Robbins; starring Becky Savage, John Holmes, Rhonda Jo Petty, Mike Ranger, Johnny (Randy) West, Sherree Smith, Kevin Gibson, Steve Lacey and Mike Eyke.

What does a movie producer do with an 86-minute-long dog marked by absurd artistic pretention, lousy dialogue, no plot and a poetic title? He chops out 14 minutes of footage and slaps on a catchy title (*Sweet Cheeks*) that has nothing to do with the film at all. The result: a 72-minute dog with one hell of a good title.

When her doctor says she's got just three months to live, Regina (played by newcomer Becky Savage) heads for golden California to live out each of her fondest fantasies. These amount to a series of Pepsi commercials—sky diving, auto racing, motorcycling, yachting—that allow the filmmakers to indulge themselves in all the fashionable visual clichés: sandpipers dodging the surf, a girl strolling reflectively along the beach, the sun sinking gloriously into the ocean. Every few



California's the setting for outdoor sports action like this in 'Cheeks.'



Bad guy Robert Bolla clamps down on Vanessa Del Rio in 'Girls U.S.A.'

minutes they quick-cut to a choppy, senseless sex scene to keep the audience from going to the toilet.

Even with good direction, this film would have been doomed from frame one. Regina's sudden appreciation of life turns her into a poet of sorts, and she sums up each encounter with some awful drivel that makes Barry Manilow seem profound. Watching the waves crash beneath a pier, she reflects: "Dear sun, stay with me. I know no yesterdays, no tomorrows. . . It's so easy to be, my friend." In other words, Regina's living for the moment. Get it?

We might excuse such schoolgirl whining if the other actors delivered credible dialogue. But they're stuck with pretty much the same type of lines . . . most of them out of sync with their lips. Rhonda Jo Petty, sounding like she's got the IQ of a carrot, says to Regina: "A tree is truly humble. It stands naked before us and does its own thing." Regina replies, "That's very poetic." At that point any self-respecting director would have added a laugh track, but the makers of this flick play it straight.

Unfortunately, even the fucking and sucking in *Sweet Cheeks* are strictly pedestrian. If this is living it up, short-timer Regina's in big trouble. A chlorinated sex scene in John Holmes's swimming pool completely wastes the capability of the underwater camera, and what could have been an imaginative crotch-dive merely sinks to the bottom like a lead-

en love doll. Regina's lesbian encounter with Petty turns out to be a three-minute body rub ending in a tamely handled leather scene. The only time the sex rises to room temperature is when our open-ended wench takes on two screw-driving mechanics in a grease pit.

Not even an accomplished actress could survive this movie with dignity, but Becky Savage manages at least to hang on for dear life. Ultimately, *Sweet Cheeks* is the terminal case here, and the people who pay to sit through it have to suffer all the agony. Films like this one give porn—and death—a bad name.

—Jim Dawson

Girls U.S.A.

Produced by Cinevogue; directed by Joe Davian; starring Vanessa Del Rio, Samantha Fox, Patricia Morehead, Barbara Moose, Erica Boyer, Marlene Wiloughby, Robert Bolla, Ron Jeremy, Jake Teague, Roger Caine and Marc Valentine.

The plot of *Girls U.S.A.* could have been lifted straight from the old *Avengers* TV series. A sinister U.N. official known as Fox (Jake Teague) heads a ring of well-trained hookers who use their skills to wrest secrets from some horny diplomats and camel jockeys. A federal agent is gunned down, and the agent's girlfriend (Vanessa Del Rio) is kidnapped by Fox's gang.

When a nosy cop (Roger Caine) smells something rotten, Fox's plans are blown to hell. But in *Girls U.S.A.* it's flying fucks—not fists—

that foil the villains' evil scheme.

In fact, *Girls U.S.A.* is packed with fast and furious hard-core action. But at times there's so much screwing around that the story line begins to unravel. While a high level of tension and danger is consistently maintained, it's easy to lose track of just who's in danger—and why. Thanks to rousing performances, however, by Del Rio, Robert Bolla, Ron Jeremy and the super-erotic French actress Barbara Moose, most of the flaws can be overlooked.

Two sizzling scenes are alone worth the price of admission. In one, the kidnapped Del Rio is strapped to a rack and outfitted with a set of ominous-looking nipple clamps by archvillain Bolla. Just about the time everyone in the audience starts squirming, it becomes clear that the torture she'll undergo has nothing to do with the clamps. Instead, she's subjected to an expert tongue-lashing by one of the gang members (George Payne), and she's not permitted to come until she spills the information. Now, *that's* torture.

Another climactic moment arrives during the deflowering of Fox's sheltered son (Ron Jeremy) by Barbara Moose. Veteran actor Jeremy fumbles about like a teenager on his first date when he picks up the sensuous Moose. And when she steers him into a car wash, he seems genuinely confused. "I thought you were taking me to someplace exciting," he sputters. "This is a car wash!" It turns out to be the longest one in the world, and the car isn't the only thing that gets wet and foamy, and then blown dry.

The rest of the cast turns in sexual performances that are above average as well. Jake Teague shows Marlene Wiloughby what being a Fox-girl is really all about, while Samantha Fox cameos in a steamy lesbian encounter with newcomer Patricia Morehead. It's disappointing, though, that Erica Boyer's role is so limited. And a lackluster orgy finale will leave the viewer feeling a bit limp.

The production values, editing and technical quality of this film are all better than average. But it's the overall sensational sex that makes *Girls U.S.A.* truly worth seeing.

—J. H.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

A Scent of Heather
American Pie
Champagne for Breakfast
Dracula Exotica
Education of the Baroness
Exposed
Fascination
Games Women Play
Kiss and Tell
Platinum Paradise
Prisoner of Paradise
Talk Dirty to Me

Three-Quarters Erect

Coed Fever
F (Dream Girl of F)
High School Memories
Insatiable
Kate and the Indians
October Silk
Pink Champagne
Plato's—The Movie
Randy, the Electric Lady
Secrets of a
Willing Wife
Seka
Sizzle
Taboo
The Pink Ladies
This Lady Is a . . . Tramp
Ultra Flesh
Young, Wild and
Wonderful

Half Erect

Afternoon Delights
Beyond Your Wildest Dreams
Manhattan Mistress
Small Town Girls
Sunny
The Girls of Mr. X
Vista Valley P.T.A.

One-Quarter Erect

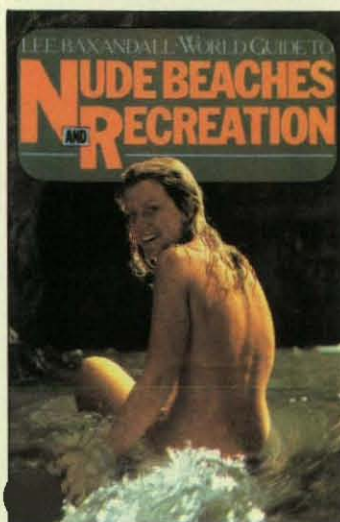
Dracula Sucks
Inside Desiree Cousteau
Mystique
Silky

Totally Limp

Honey Throat
I Am Always Ready
Starship Eros
Three Ripening Cherries

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon



World Guide to Nude Beaches and Recreation

By Lee Baxandall; Stonehill Publishing Company; 1140 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10036; \$10.95 paper, \$25 hardbound.

Here's a fine book crammed with photographs, most in color, some really beautiful, none of which we can show you—except for the cover. But that's okay.

To explain how this came about, I quote from the letter author Baxandall sent with the review copy:

I feel I must state a couple of things—HUSTLER's gynecological bent and sexism being what they are. There is, obviously, no connection between the way we portray nude men and women and HUSTLER's. Any review should point that out. Second, we do not give permission to you to reproduce our photos (except the cover). Third, you should know that we have a contract... which forbids distribution of the World Guide through so-called adult or porno bookstores.

The letter goes on to say the book is available in regular bookstores, or can be ordered from the publisher. Then:

Our view of skin magazines is well laid out, in relation

to Playboy, in the article on Illinois.

Let's take these things in order. (1) Point granted. HUSTLER's got sex. You don't. In fact, this has always been the hallmark of organized nudism. If you'll forgive a personal note, I've been a nudist for 45 years, and at first I was an ardent member of a club. I quit when I got told off by the resort manager because I put suntan oil on my legal wife's breasts. I haven't been back to a nudist resort since. Sex *is*. Sexual fantasy *is*. Humor also *is*. Satire *is*. A battered wife *is*. A beaten child *is*. HUSTLER is a magazine about what *is*. We understand you can't cure a narrow mind by taking your clothes off; nor can taking your clothes off help your sense of humor.

(2) We regret your restrictions on the photographs, because so many are a pleasure to see. But we can certainly understand the uptightness of some people who, after minding their own business on a crowded beach, see their skin turn up in our pages even though they hadn't signed a photo release.

(3) We're not a bookstore, and your address is at the top of this review for all to see.

The reference to "skin magazines" intrigued us; so we went straight to the *World Guide's* article about Illinois. Regretting that this "great state—the spawning ground of *Playboy* magazine—has virtually no public space for nude recreation," the article goes on to report that a nude gathering scheduled at the Playboy Club at Lake Geneva was canceled by the Playboy organization because "Playboy is a 'family-oriented' institution, and our families would find it disconcerting." Why, Hef! We never knew!

But now the good part. The *World Guide* is the best reference ever to nude recreation. It gives exact directions to hundreds of beaches and resorts, complete with information on local ordinances and attitudes of the natives in 44 states and nearly 60 foreign countries—many of which are way ahead of us in this particular freedom.

Sincerely, we owe a lot to these bare-assed puritans. They've been fighting a good

fight for many years, and this book is proof they're winning.

Echoes of Terror

Edited by Mike Jarvis and John Spencer; Chartwell Books, Inc., 110 Enterprise Avenue, Secaucus, New Jersey 07094; \$7.98.

This is a terrifying book, recommended if terror in words and pictures is your thing. And what words! What pictures! Words by Dickens, Poe, O. Henry, Thackeray, Saki and more; pictures by a group of artists I hadn't heard of before, but certainly will remember hereafter. They call themselves Young Artists, and they've filled this book with as striking a collection of haunting color plates as you'll find anywhere. The book itself is a pleasure to look at and to handle, and the color reproduction is almost of

the quality Larry Flynt demands in his magazines.

As for the stories, I have to tell you up front you're in for a lot of old-style narration like: "God of Heaven!" cried my father, sinking down upon the earth in a swoon, as soon as he had discharged his gun." But chances are you'll come to like it. The stories here are well worth the extra effort.

Though it's an old warhorse I must have read a dozen times, one story in particular can still give me the chills; if you've never read it, treat yourself. It's "The Monkey's Paw," an authentic classic by W. W. Jacobs. Edgar Allan Poe's in here with his moody "Masque of the Red Death," and so is O. Henry with "The Furnished Room." Several fine gruesome illustrations complement an extract from Bram Stoker's *Dracula*.

Not all of these stories are merciless however. One is by



Conjuring up a sensually bizarre image, Jim Burns illustrates F. Marryat's 'The Werewolf,' in 'Terror.'



'Terror': A chilling nightmare is brought to life by artist Les Edwards.

Saki, the pen name of English writer H. H. Munro, who built his reputation on very short stories with weird and wonderful twists. Included in this volume is "The Seventh Pullet," which isn't a chiller; it's a gas. If you have a taste for horror, nightmares and the macabre, *Echoes of Terror* is definitely for you.

Emmanuelle

By Emmanuelle Arsan; illustrated by Guido Crepax; Grove Press, Inc., 196 West Houston Street, New York, New York 10014; \$9.95.

If we used our film-reviewer's peter-meter to rate this book, the shaft would be standing up so straight, you could photograph the hole from an overhead camera. A porn comic book doesn't ever have to get more explicit than this, and very few will even match it.

The story (and Emmanuelle) get right into it on the first page, where she's cruised by a succulent stewardess while traveling on a Concorde jet. Emmanuelle falls asleep and is groped by her seatmate without a word being spoken. Lights are turned out, and he balls her to a fare-thee-well at 30,000 feet. Next, she's taken into the shower room by a man who, just as wordlessly, does the stand-up thing, hanging her to his dong like a hat on a rack.

When Emmanuelle arrives in Bangkok (I don't think that's a pun in the original French), she's met by her husband, Jean.

They proceed to the Sports Club, where she happens onto a nymphet who gives her some lessons in masturbation. After making it that evening with Jean, Emmanuelle keeps a promise to the girl by fingering herself at the stroke of midnight, knowing her young friend is doing the same.

Later she runs into a woman she knows, and gets it on, just as she does with the beautiful Bee, who has no pubic hair and no tits. Then, after a behind-the-screen seduction at a fancy party, she meets Mario. At this point, things really get rolling, since Mario is a true king of the kinks. All of which would be spectacular even if it were done badly. But it isn't.

Illustrator Guido Crepax couldn't draw a wrong line if he tried. Panel after panel, page after page, he gives you pure line, great texture and a marvelous sense of scene, whether it's a jungle or a country-club

Emmanuelle
by Emmanuelle Arsan
Illustrated Version by Guido Crepax



pool or a party for the jet set. And the characters are never duplicated. He has a hundred layout tricks, including split panels and tiny frames (sometimes in sequence) of Emmanuelle's mouth as she drives toward orgasm, or of something she's intrigued by: a belly button, a nipple, a cock.

And something more. Emmanuelle fantasizes as she is aroused, and the fantasies—snakes, lions, deer—are interwoven with the action. When she's into a discussion with Mario (very French, very intellectual, very kinky), her imagination flies all over the place, and we fly with her. Crepax even writes in sound effects: jet engines, tires on tarmac, orgasms. This one's a must.

Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On

By Robert Cain; Dial Press, 1 Hammarck Plaza, New York, New York 10017; \$9.95.

In their time and place, arrogance and innocence (the kind called naive) are virtues. In the wrong place they are disastrous. Never has a single person shown the truth of these statements more clearly than Jerry Lee Lewis.

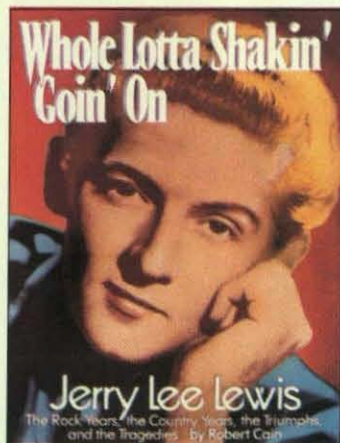
Very young, blazing to the top of the charts, the whole world of rock and country in his grasp, he alighted at a London airport, 22 million records behind him and a 37-day tour ahead. The cluster of reporters took one look at the girl at his side. She was 14, looked ten, and was widely reported as 13. "My wife," he introduced her; that's the innocence.

Lewis apparently had no idea he was lighting a fuse. This was 1958, not exactly a laid-back year, and England was certainly not exactly a laid-back country. It didn't take long for the news hawks to discover that the girl was his cousin and that he already had a wife. The reaction was ferocious. Not only was the tour canceled after four days, but the honeymooners returned to America to find not a note of Jerry Lee Lewis on any radio anywhere, and damn few Lewis records and albums moving out of the stores.

At this point (and later, when he lost his beloved mother, and his son was killed in a car crash) the arrogance became a virtue. Nothing would—or will—make this man quit. In the face of adversity he lays his ears back and works. No matter if he slides from thousands of dollars per performance to hundreds to a few tens; he'll find his gigs. He'll explode on stages of any size, playing his unique piano style standing up, jumping, leaping on the instrument, sometimes nearly *stomping* it to death, and singing his remarkable lyrics, in his own style, laying his audiences on their backs.

Through narrative, photographs and interviews with such stars as Mickey Gilley (he grew up with Lewis), Steve Allen and Tom Jones, Robert Cain gives an incredibly detailed picture of this maverick genius. Further interviews with record producers Shelby Singleton and Jerry Kennedy give an in-depth view of the music industry from the birth of rock to the present.

The book winds up with a discography and a filmography. Riffle through them once, and you'll realize—if you hadn't already—what a huge force Jerry Lee Lewis has been in the evolution of pop music all over



the world. And there are still hundreds—yes, hundreds—of Lewis sides that have never even been distributed. One of them just *has* to get itself untangled from the legalities imprisoning it: *The Million Dollar Quartet*, a 1957 album featuring Jerry Lee with Elvis Presley, Carl Perkins and Johnny Cash. (In point of fact, Cash is pictured on the album but is not on the recording.)

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Since the Harrison Act of 1914, cocaine has been illegal in the United States, except for use by licensed physicians. *HUSTLER* does not advocate the use of any illegal drug. Aside from psychological or physiological dangers, there is the very real danger of incarceration should an individual be caught possessing, selling or manufacturing the substance.

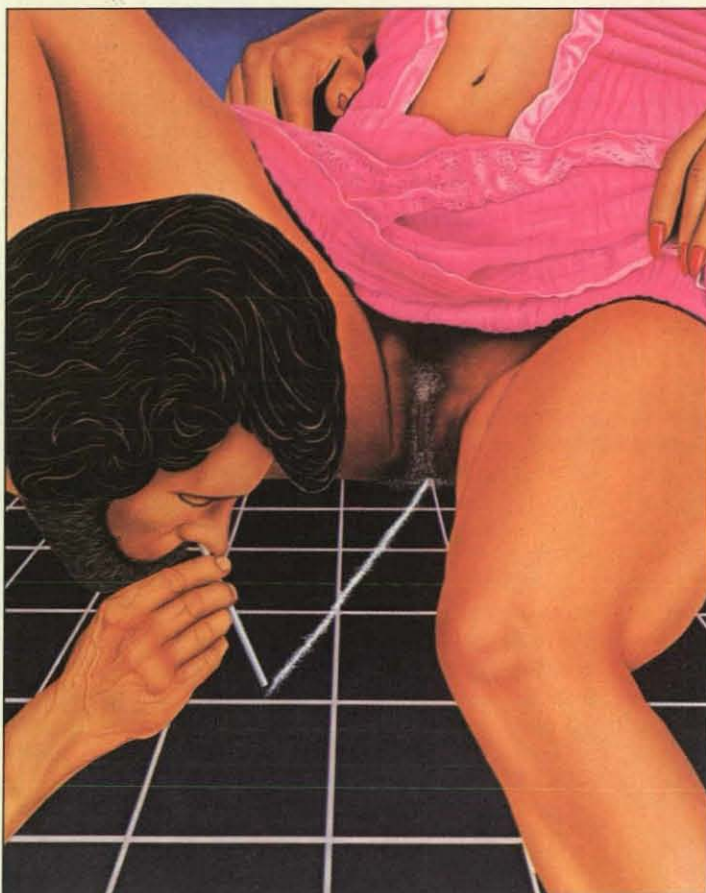
Suzanne was an avowed lesbian who used to flirt with Frankie, the coke-dealing son of a San Francisco politician, in exchange for an occasional sample of cocaine. A pretty woman in her 30s, Suzanne rates herself as a high-flying adventuress, and Frankie just wasn't her speed. But she led him on, and one day she found herself in Frankie's apartment.

He was there to get laid. She wanted to get high. "Frankie hauled out a rock [of coke] as big as a jawbreaker," she recalls, "and he wasn't stingy with it either. I'd never felt the slightest twinge of sexual desire for Frankie before. But when I got high, I suddenly realized I was horny as hell. I wasn't wearing anything but a sun dress tied at the neck. He kissed me, and I just stood up, untied the string of my dress, and that was it; sort of a spontaneous combustion sex scene."

Centuries ago South American Indians told a bizarre legend of how the coca shrub (from which we derive cocaine) first came into being. They believed the shrub had originally been a beautiful woman, who, for the crime of adultery, was executed, cut in half, then buried in the ground like a seed! From part of her dismembered body the coca shrub sprouted and blossomed. In memoriam, they depicted their love goddess with coca leaves in her hand.

Tradition dictated that only men were permitted to pick the leaves of the coca shrub, just as a man had once plucked the flower of the deified adulteress's virtue. Thus, an elaborately sexist symbolic act arose in which the male tribal members paid homage to the mutilated woman.

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with *HUSTLER*'s belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



SEX AND COCAINE

by Jasmine Boyd

These South American natives were very aware of coca's sexually stimulating properties. It was rumored, for example, that using coca could retain or restore sexual potency in men of advanced age. Various tribes used coca as an aphrodisiac in fertility rites, and some continue to do so today.

In one ritual, however, coca goes beyond its accustomed function of enhancing sexuality and actually replaces it altogether. In this ceremony, abstaining males marry the shrub, and the ritual ends in the chewing of the coca leaf as a substitute for fucking.

In reality, the reason for coca's prominence in sexual history is more chemi-

cal than supernatural. The leaves of the coca shrub contain certain chemicals, one of which is cocaine, which acts as an anesthetic or numbing agent. At the same time, cocaine stimulates the central nervous system, causing an individual to experience a euphoric effect that results in a very pleasant "high."

In the heyday of its first widespread use in the United States—from the late 1800s into the early part of this century—cocaine strangely paralleled the interest later shown in psychedelic drugs during the 1960s. These two eras actually had a great deal in common—notably a special flamboyance coupled with stormy social events and openly rebellious patterns of drug use.

Naturally, since cocaine and psychedelics have long been considered to be socially unacceptable, it takes a certain "fuck-the-rules" attitude to use the drugs in the first place. There's more to it than that however. These chemicals can send the user on a very active high, and especially for someone on coke the experience can be marked by boisterousness bordering on mania.

Not long after cocaine came into vogue, it was immortalized in the books and silent films of the era. The humorously escalating paranoia of that fictional

sleuth, Sherlock Holmes, for instance, was attributed to his appetite for coke. And there is evidence that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in just six days while under the influence of "nose candy."

"Nose candy," "toot," "snort" and "blow" are words born out of the coke culture, and they accurately describe the process of sniffing the refined white powder extracted from coca leaves.

Near the end of the 19th century, Sigmund Freud, father of psychoanalysis, wrote of cocaine's aphrodisiacal properties and pressed what he called "this magical substance" on his friends, relatives, colleagues and patients. He took it

regularly himself, reporting that "the psychic effect of cocaine consists of exhilaration and lasting euphoria. You perceive an increase in self-control, possess more vitality and capacity for work. . . . It seems probable," Freud concluded, "that coca, if used protractedly but in moderation, is not detrimental to the body."

But in those days it wasn't cool to blatantly purchase the white stuff from your local apothecary shop. Victorian America needed a good excuse to enjoy itself, and illness was as good a reason as any. Coke tonics and patent medicines laced with cocaine were common in the 1890s, and were routinely prescribed for complaints ranging from alcoholism and the common cold to sore nipples and gonorrhea.

One popular tonic contained a gram of cocaine per ounce, and was said to act as an aphrodisiac and also to restore the "virility of the reproductive organs of both sexes." A well-loved asthma cure loaded 4.5 grams into every ounce of its pick-me-up, while Ryno's Hay Fever-n-Catarrh Remedy was found to be an incredible 99.95%-pure cocaine. And the coca leaf is still used in the soft drink Coca-Cola. For the first 15 years of its existence, until 1903, cocaine was a by-product found in the drink. Then its makers introduced a process that is

capable of filtering the substance out.

History would have us believe our forefathers used such beverages for medicinal purposes and refreshment rather than to lure potential sex partners into bed. But not so today. Cocaine's role as a seduction aid is widespread, undisguised and often quite effective.

Current surveys on cocaine use in America estimate there to be 4.4 million people, many between the ages of 18 and 25, who use the drug. According to Joel L. Phillips and Ronald D. Wynne, Ph.D., authors of *Cocaine: The Mystique and the Reality*, cocaine is the drug of choice with show people, expensive hookers, white-collar execs and rock idols. "The main thing this otherwise diverse group has in common is an income that can support the luxury of cocaine," the authors claim.

With current (as of January 1981) street prices of coke at around \$2,000 to \$3,600 an ounce, no wonder you have to be a stockbroker, a Hollywood celeb or a doctor to afford it. Some users have a high-rolling habit that costs them \$40,000 a year. Ironically, the drug is expensive *only* because it is illegal. In contrast to inflated street prices, pure, pharmaceutical-grade cocaine is available for legitimate medical use at a mere \$147.28 an ounce.

One woman found a novel, if risky, way to get around coke's exorbitant cost. Tammy, a statuesque, 22-year-old blonde, became the live-in lover of a notorious Washington, D.C., connection boss. On the party circuit their "high"-powered sex ritual soon became legendary: "He chops the coke on a mirror and then slides it under my ass as I raise my spread legs in the air," she brags with suspiciously shiny eyes. "Next, he shovels about six lines of toot into my crotch. Some of it he rubs onto my clit, and the rest he spreads around in my vagina with his fingers. By the time we fuck, I'm incredibly stoned. My pussy is sorta numb, but tingly, and I can screw for days!"

Even though cocaine is quickly absorbed through any mucous membrane, sniffing the powder—or snorting, as it's called—is the odds-on favorite method. More than 60% of users snort coke rather than ingest or inject it.

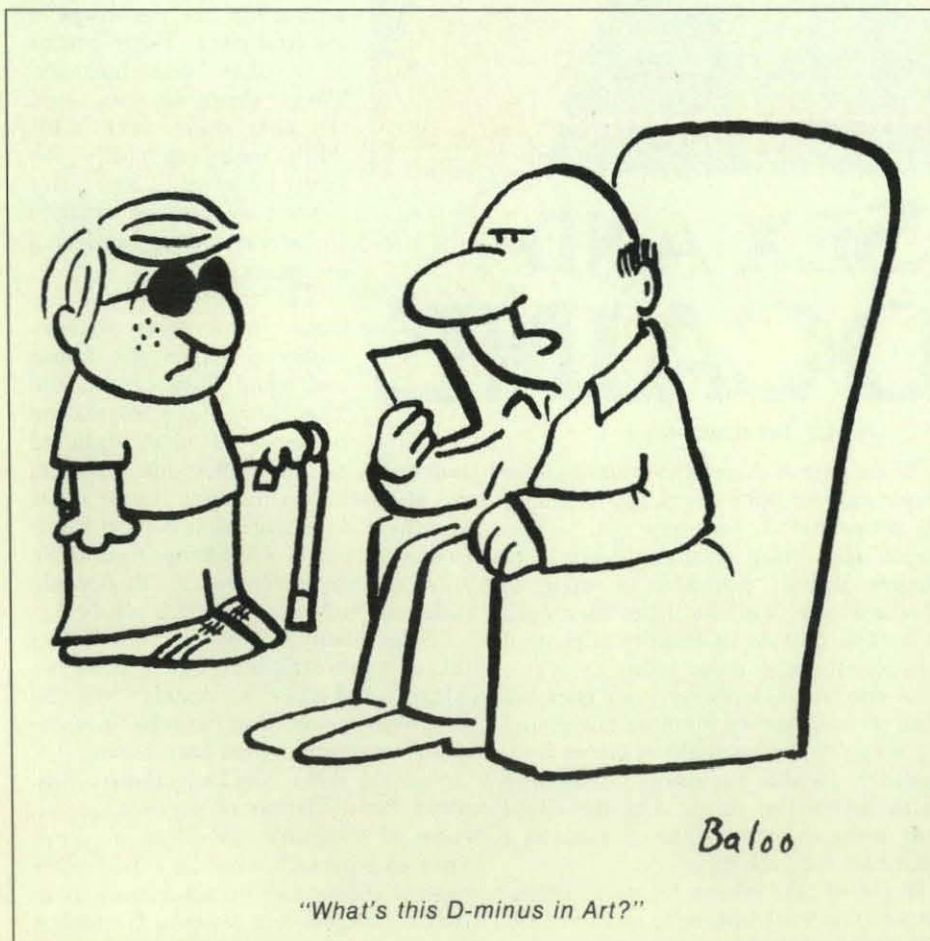
Because of the coke-using public's strong preference for snorting, an entire paraphernalia industry has emerged to service the coke-cult clientele. One such popular device is routinely used in the sexual foreplay of Carolyn and Murray T. "My old man likes clean pussy," Carolyn purrs, "so he vacuums it." She holds up a hollow silver tube shaped like a miniature vacuum cleaner to demonstrate. "First, he sprinkles my cunt with coke, then he vacuums the powder back up again." Putting the tube to her nose, she inhales deeply—*sniffffff!* "We're heavy into fantasy, and cute shit like this is more fun than straws."

Other direct routes of administering the drug include propelling it into the body via nasal and vaginal douches, or in enemas. The latter is said to be therapeutically used by hemorrhoid sufferers, as well as recreationally by Greek pleasurists who love it up the ass.

More than any other drug, cocaine has been traditionally linked with sexuality. For 100 years coke has survived as the primo sex drug in the pop culture of America. And there may be a physiological basis for this, since it is thought that coke may affect a portion of the brain responsible for sexual arousal. Even so, many scientists claim there is no pharmacological basis for the belief that cocaine is an aphrodisiac.

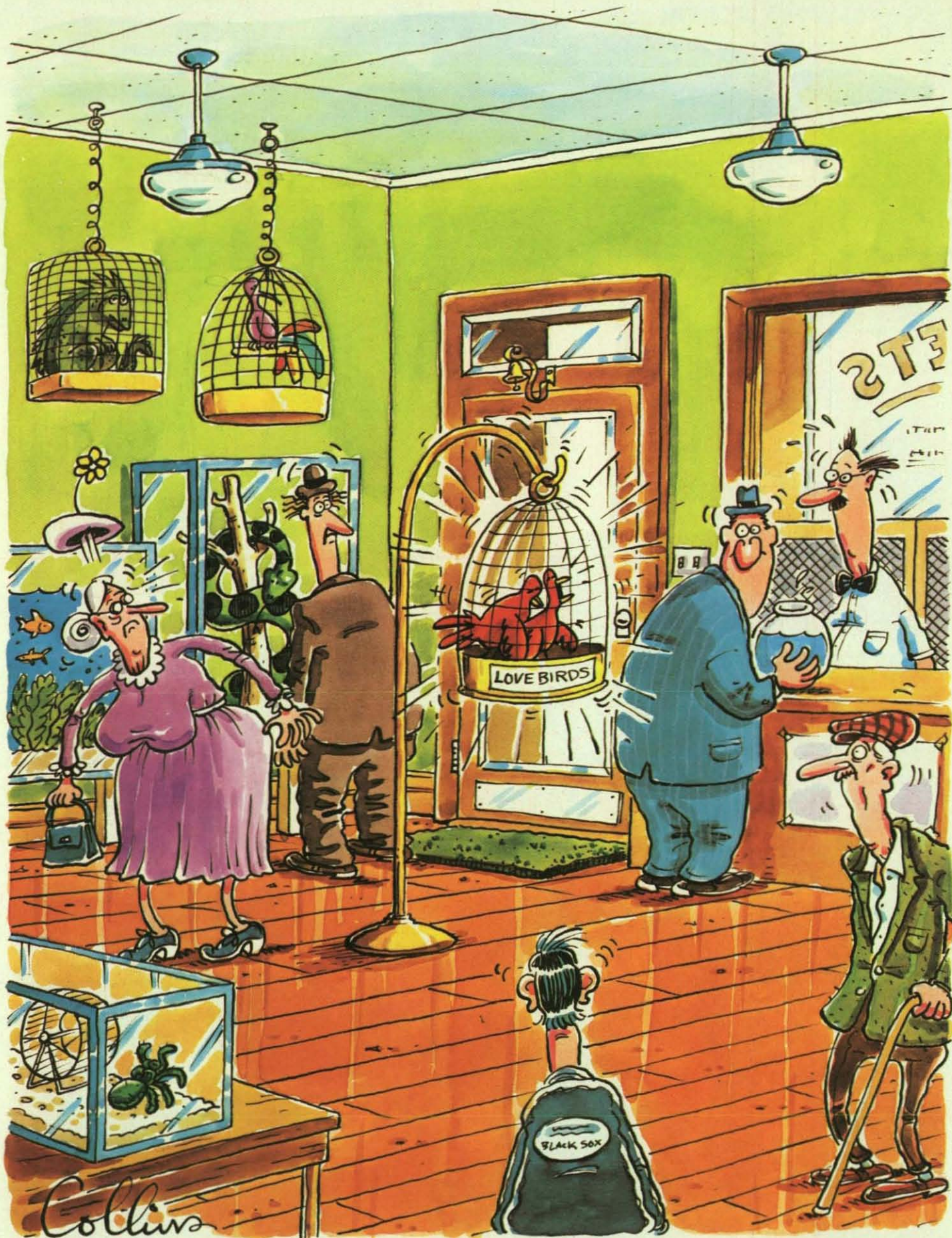
In a recent issue of the *Archives of General Psychiatry*, investigators concluded that cocaine intensifies an individual's own unique sexuality and helps create a suitable environment for the experimental expression of that sexuality. "Cocaine produces sexual hyperexcitability in women," the researchers say, "and, in men, increased sexual desire with

(continued on page 135)



Baloo

"What's this D-minus in Art?"



"Oh, yes! Fuck me; fuck me!!"



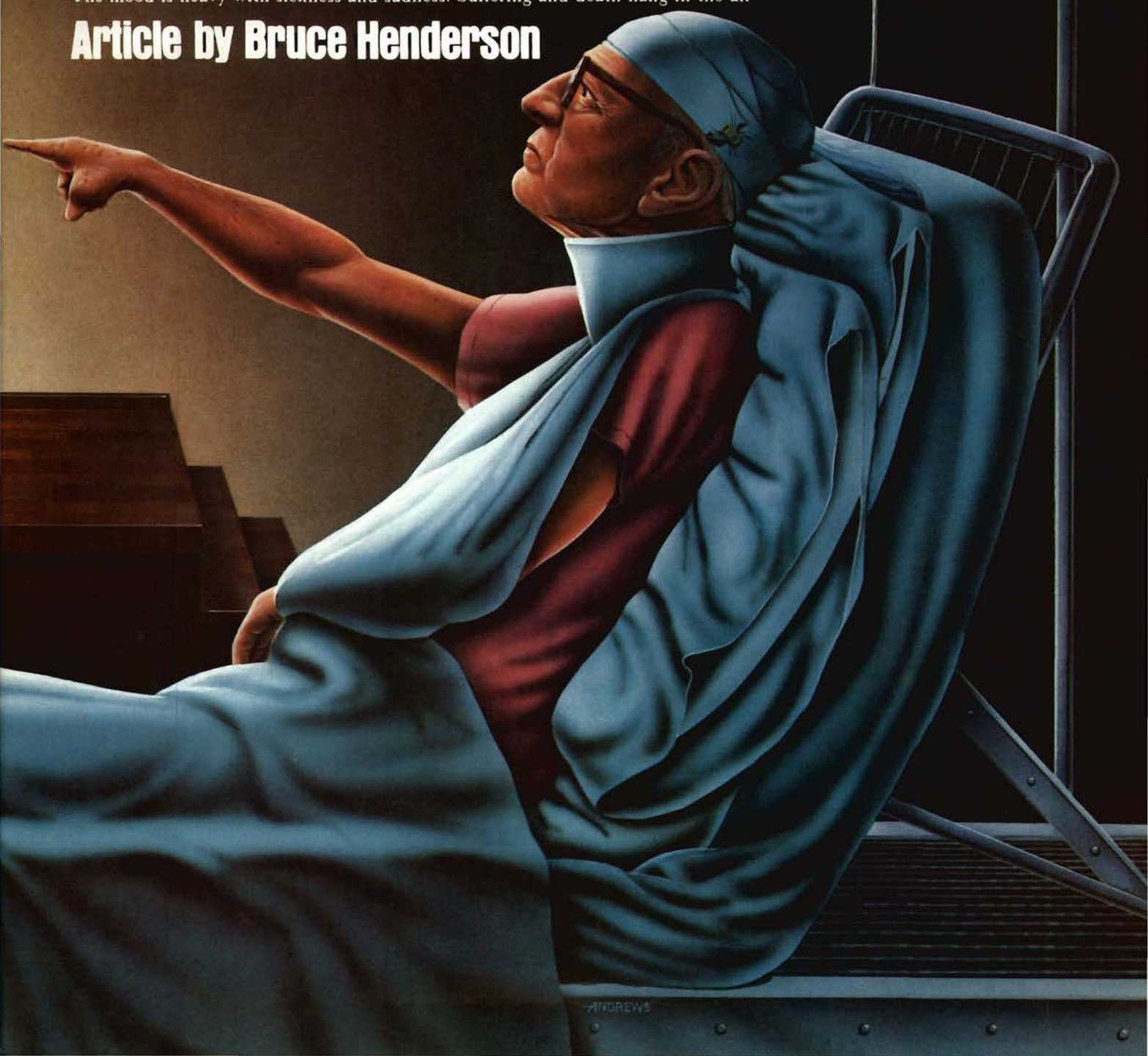
HOSPITAL HORRORS

Manslaughter by Mistake?

For those who have been unfortunate enough to stay in a hospital, the sights and sounds of confinement leave an indelible imprint on the memory. Pea-green hallways filled with antiseptic smells. Doctors and nurses scurrying about as if they owned the place. Awkward visitors trying to find loved ones. Trays of soggy food. Piles of linen soiled with excrement. Shoes squeaking on linoleum floors. Puddles of urine and vomit that no one seems to notice. Steel gurneys wheeling patients covered with sheets to unknown destinies.

Groans. Sighs. Coughs. Cries. Labored breathing. The noises of human suffering. The mood is heavy with sickness and sadness. Suffering and death hang in the air

Article by Bruce Henderson





How to Handle Your Doctor

Often it seems that a patient is at the mercy of doctors who are bad practitioners of medicine. One reason for this is that no medical organization supplies information on the success and failure rate of surgeons. All the patient can learn beforehand is whether the doctor's license is valid, the name of the medical school he attended, the year of his graduation and any disciplinary action that might have been taken against him. In most states, medical boards will not even release information about an investigation pending against a doctor until it is completed. And no hospital requires surgeons or anesthesiologists to undergo a breath-analyzer test—to determine if they've been drinking—prior to an operation. Still, there are several ways to assure getting the best care available.

Don't have blind trust in your doctor. Treat him like you would a lawyer, mechanic or plumber whom you hire to do a job. Ask friends for referrals. Always make sure you understand the treatment he prescribes.

Get a second or even third opinion before undergoing a major operation. How often do you make a major household purchase without checking at more than one store? You should have the same attitude about surgery.

Question your doctor. If he is unhappy with questions or upset because you want to ask for another opinion, find somebody else. Any physician who is afraid of healthy inquiries or comparative shopping is not to be trusted.

If you fear the worst—that your doctor has made a mistake on you or a loved one—get to another one, fast. In the event you might not be well enough to find another doctor after surgery, have a family member or trusted friend standing by in case something goes wrong.

Still, the best rule is: *Stay away from hospitals unless it is absolutely necessary that you be admitted to one.*

like the smell of decay. For many people, hospitals are the last chance to get well, when visits to the doctor and convalescence at home are no longer sufficient. Making people feel better is what highly paid doctors, and nurses, are supposed to do in modern facilities with expensive medications, fancy new cures and space-age operations.

But unfortunately, in the United States today, countless people leave hospitals in worse shape than when they entered. Instead of being made well, they are made sicker. Instead of being cured, they are mutilated for life. Even more unfortunate are the patients who *never* leave the hospital alive because an unconscionable medical blunder cost them their lives.

Shockingly, the doctors who commit medical butcheries usually are left free to continue their reckless practices on other unsuspecting patients. Few of them go to jail. A handful may be sued in civil court and suffer large monetary judgments. But don't think they have to sell their plush Cadillacs, give up their beach houses or hock their silver-plated golf clubs to foot the bill. These huge sums are paid to victims or their surviving families by malpractice-insurance companies, which later—seemingly conspiring with the medical establishment—pass on the expensive damages to future patients via higher medical costs.

The toll of hospital horrors is staggering, the damage to human life and spirit unspeakable. But these tragedies take place every day in our nation's leading hospitals and clinics. Most of the time they are done by accident. Sometimes they are done on purpose.

What follows are actual case histories. Some names have been changed to protect victims of malpractice and their families. In some cases that were settled out of court, the names of doctors have not been used because they are not of public record. But no factual details have been altered or omitted. Indeed, as these cases attest, fact is more frightening than fiction.

TRUE CASE HISTORY #1

Sarah Thomas (not her real name), a 53-year-old schoolteacher and housewife from Modesto, California, went into her local hospital in 1976 for an elective operation that is popular among middle-aged women: an "anterior and posterior repair." Muscles that support the uterus and bladder have a tendency to sag in those who have given birth to several children,

resulting in frequent discomfort. This operation lifts drooping tissue in much the same way a face lift bolsters weakened facial muscles.

On the morning of her operation Mrs. Thomas was wheeled into surgery and given a general anesthetic, which quickly put her to sleep. Because it would leave a permanent scar, her doctor chose not to make an incision in her abdominal wall. Instead, he elected to go in through the vagina, beginning the operation by enlarging the channel leading from the top of the vagina into the uterus. Snipping, pulling and sewing, he routinely tightened the surrounding muscles. When he finished, he began stitching her up.

Thomas awoke the next day and felt fine. Soon, however, she complained of pains and alerted hospital personnel to the fact that she hadn't been able to pass urine. The urine was backing up inside her body because the surgeon had carelessly sewn up her ureter—the tube through which urine passes—while she lay unconscious on the operating table. A urologist was called in, but he was unsuccessful in trying to insert a tube up to her bladder. The pain increased, and the poison spread throughout her body, quickly destroying a kidney.

As their patient continued to decline, doctors decided Thomas's condition was too tricky for them to handle. They suggested that she be transferred to the renowned Stanford Medical Center, and her husband agreed. At Stanford, heroic efforts were made to save the woman's life. She was operated on 27 times. But, in the end, it was all to no avail.

Two years after she checked into her local hospital for routine surgery, Sarah Thomas was dead. By then, her passing was almost a blessing.

"The pain she suffered was tremendous," says San Francisco lawyer Robert Harlem, a malpractice specialist who handled her case. "Passing a kidney stone can be one of the most painful things there is. That's what she felt every day for almost two years."

Harlem indicated there was no doubt the operating doctor was to blame. "The mistake initially made was a simple one," he explains. "But the surgeon was unable to cope with the fact that he might have made a mistake. He never did the most likely thing: going back and tearing down the procedure to make sure everything was all right. His failure to do that cost this woman her life."



"What, again?! I thought I just fucked you last month!"

In time, a malpractice suit was settled out of court for a six-figure sum. Since the case was resolved in that manner, the name of the surgeon who sewed up the wrong tube never appeared on public records. He is still practicing medicine in Merced, California.

TRUE CASE HISTORY # 2

Virginia Edmondson of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, had been suffering from nagging and painful spinal trouble for years. Despite various nonsurgical treatments for a ruptured disc in her neck, the discomfort worsened. She had trouble sleeping and doing routine activities like working in the garden and reading in bed. The aching was virtually constant, with sharp pangs shooting from the top of her head to the bottom of her spine. Finally, the 54-year-old woman agreed with her doctor that an operation was the only answer.

In March 1980 she checked into Graduate Hospital, termed a "first-class institution" by the Hospital Association of Pennsylvania. On her first day there a hospital aide shaved her hair from the base of her neck to the middle of her head in preparation for the operation. That night her husband, Alfred, came to visit, and kidded her about the new haircut. Early the next morning she was sedated with a strong tranquilizer and

transferred to a gurney for the ride to surgery.

Annie Robinson, also of Philadelphia, was scheduled to have a parathyroid gland removed that same morning. Located in the front of the neck, adjacent to the thyroid, the four parathyroid glands produce hormones vital to the calcium content of the body's blood supply. One of Robinson's parathyroids was no longer working, and her doctor had recommended taking it out as a precautionary measure. Nonfunctional glands often become diseased, causing further medical problems.

The gurney bearing the sedated Robinson was wheeled into a hallway outside an operating room just a few feet away from Edmondson's gurney. Incredibly, the two gurneys got mixed up. Each woman was taken into the wrong operating room and went under the knife for the wrong operation.

Hours later, when Robinson regained consciousness, her nonfunctioning gland was still in place, and she had an incision in the back of her neck, made by a doctor who thought he was operating on Edmondson's ruptured disc. After performing the initial stages of a cervical laminectomy—removal of a spinal disc—the perplexed surgeon couldn't find what he was looking for. So he closed up the incision and then

sent the patient off to the recovery room.

In the adjoining operating room Edmondson wasn't so lucky. Despite the fact that the back of her head was shaved for a disc operation, she was cut open in the *front* of her neck. The doctor dug deeper, found the targeted gland and asked for a longer knife. For whatever reason, he didn't notice that the gland was healthy, showing no sign of disease. Still, he cut the gland away and stitched up the incision.

Edmondson's husband first became alarmed when a glum-faced staff physician came to speak to him in the waiting room. "He told me they had made a mistake," he remembers. "He said the doctor who was to have operated on my wife mistakenly operated on another woman. And the other woman's doctor operated on my wife." Stunned, he asked how such a monumental blunder could have happened. The surgeon offered no explanation, saying only that neither woman would suffer any permanent damage.

Hospital officials ludicrously informed the two women that there would be no charge for the unnecessary surgeries. Barton Post, a hospital lawyer, admitted that a claim arising from the shocking incident is presently being negotiated under the state's medical malpractice arbitration procedures. But "due to patient confidentiality" he was unable to discuss the issue. He also refused to identify the doctors involved.

As for Edmondson, she doesn't blame her physician for the mix-up. "I have one of the best doctors around," she says, also refusing to name him. "I have to have faith in him because I'm going back in that hospital to have my back operation. I'm not complaining. I know life is not a bowl of cherries."

TRUE CASE HISTORY # 3

Angelo Pucci, the 43-year-old owner and operator of a million-dollar almond-farming operation near Stockton, California, underwent surgery three years ago to remove a nonmalignant tumor from the lining of his brain, in the back of his head. The doctor warned him that in order to do so, a cheek nerve would have to be cut, causing some permanent facial disfigurement. Both Pucci and his wife agreed to the procedure, fearing that if the fast-growing tumor was not removed, it would result in greater health problems later.

The operation went smoothly. A neurosurgeon, Dr. Smith (a pseudonym), routinely placed a length of tubing—called a shunt—just under the skin, running from the back of his head, under one ear and into the chest cavity.

(continued on page 52)



"Maynard, I wish you wouldn't chew tobacco while we fuck."




"I think we got the right suspect, but shoot that one just to be sure."



Photography by Suze Randall



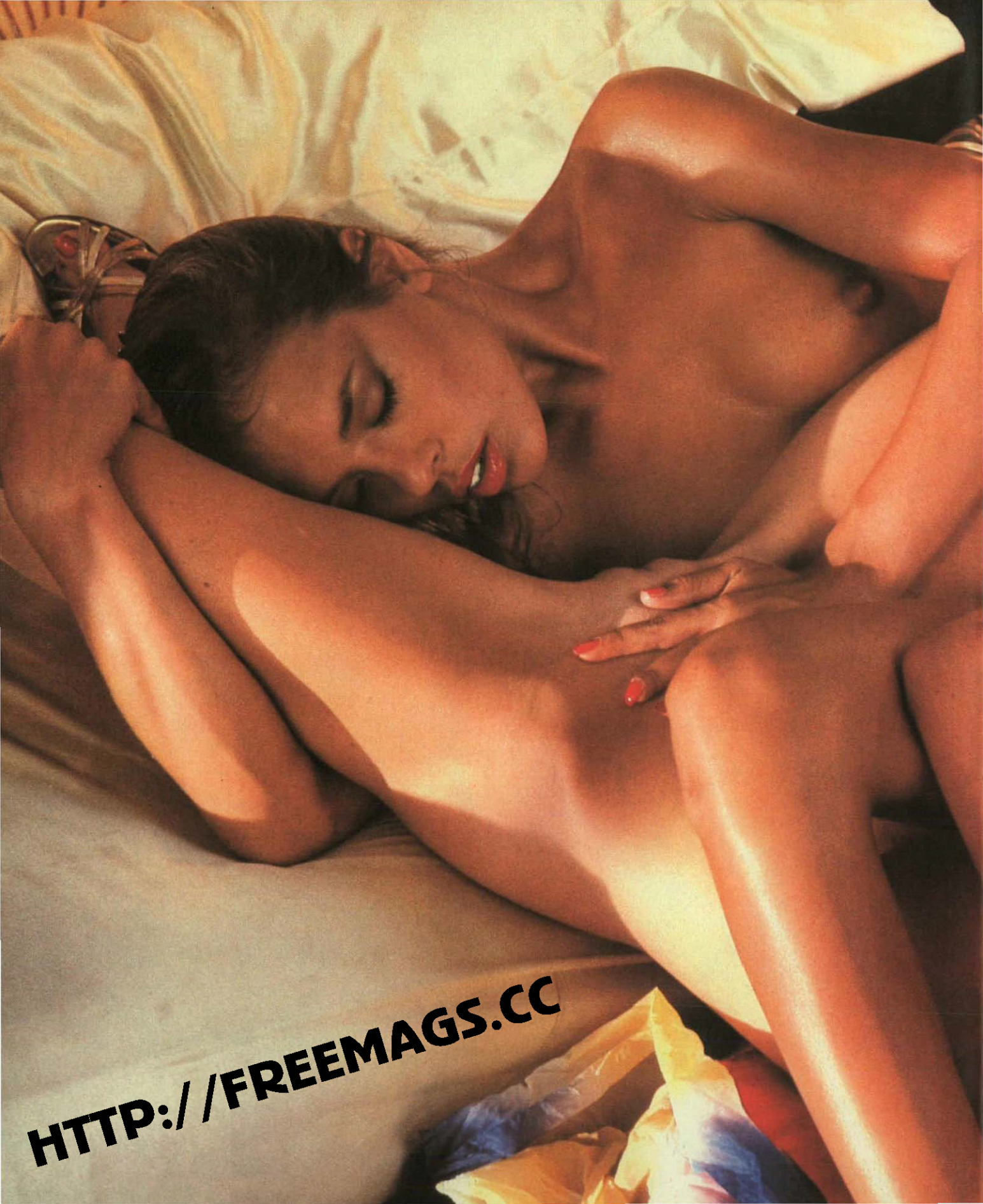




Lucky passengers traveling to Tokyo with flight attendants Joanne and Suzi can't take their eyes off of these flying bombshells. They spend long hours answering suggestive questions about the pleasures of the Orient—the nude bathing, the love potions, the geisha girls.

But on the ground their time belongs to each other. "After ten hours of pleasing everyone on the plane, Suzi and I like to unwind in our own way," says Joanne. "We drink some saki, light some sandalwood incense and bring out the special massage oils. We take turns rubbing the oils, and then let nature take its course."

When HUSTLER's photographers captured this secret evening of Oriental delights, Suzi told us with a wink, "Making love the Japanese way is like eating Chinese food—30 minutes and you're hungry again." Bring on the second course, please.



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HOSPITAL HORRORS

(continued from page 40)

The purpose of the shunt was to keep fluids from building up inside the skull.

While Pucci was still in the hospital, recovering from the successful surgery, his neurosurgeon introduced him to Dr. Johnson (also a pseudonym), a plastic surgeon. Dr. Johnson said he would be able to take care of the side of the face that now sagged as a result of the operation. He told Pucci to wait until he felt completely recovered before undergoing the needed cosmetic surgery.

A few months later Pucci went to Dr. Johnson for a face lift. But during the procedure the doctor accidentally cut the shunt under Pucci's ear, and a clear liquid began to leak out. It was cerebral spinal fluid, a sterile body liquid that should never see the light of day.

Rather than telling Pucci about the mistake, Dr. Johnson called Dr. Smith, the neurosurgeon, and asked him what he should do. Smith, who was working in his rose garden at the time, said he would reluctantly come in and do the repair work if Johnson felt he was unable to. Not wanting to inconvenience his colleague on his day off, Johnson said he'd do the work himself.

There was only one snag: Dr. Johnson had never before repaired a brain shunt.

But he audaciously went ahead and did so anyhow, without telling the patient about the problem or informing him of his own inexperience.

Eleven days later Pucci woke up in the middle of the night and noticed some white liquid leaking from behind his ear. It was cerebral spinal fluid. Before he could get help, the damage was done. He contracted a serious brain infection and fell into a deep coma for two months, suffering from spinal meningitis as well as the brain infection—all the result of the tube's not being properly repaired.

When his body finally repulsed the multiple infections, Pucci woke up severely retarded from the severe and irreparable brain damage. It took him two months merely to learn how to write his name. To this day he cannot count from one to ten. A vibrant man who successfully ran a million-dollar business before he went in for a simple face lift, Pucci will need full-time care for the rest of his life.

His family recently won a \$960,000 malpractice suit against Dr. Johnson, the plastic surgeon, who is still practicing medicine. Dr. Smith was not sued, because he stayed in his rose garden on the day in question and was not legally involved in the slipshod repair job that cost Pucci his mind.

TRUE CASE HISTORY # 4

Dean Lipton, a 61-year-old professional writer who lives in San Francisco, California, checked into Golden Gate Community Hospital in 1968 for minor surgery on an infected ear. During the routine operation the surgeon—Dr. Edward Whitely of Kaiser Hospital—accidentally cut a major facial nerve. Shortly after Lipton awoke from surgery, he felt around his face a general numbness, which he imagined was a normal surgical side effect. But when he saw himself in the bathroom mirror, he received the shock of his life.

"The right side of my face was collapsed and completely paralyzed," remembers Lipton, author of *Malpractice: Autobiography of a Victim*. "I had no control of my lips and mouth. When I tried to speak, my lips moved like those of a spastic, and the words that came from my mouth were almost incomprehensible. My right cheek sank flat against the cheekbone, but when I opened or closed my mouth, my left cheek ballooned out as if it were filled with water. My right eye stared vacantly into the mirror, for I was unable to close it. The lower lid of the eye hung down, exposing the edge of my eyeball. I had expected nothing like this. I wanted to weep, but although my right eye was wet with liquid, it seemed different from human tears."

The next morning Dr. Whitely assured him that the condition was only temporary. "He was to stick to that story for many months, despite my persistent questions and fears about my appearance," Lipton recalls. This lie cost him dearly. By the time he got additional medical opinions on his condition, the facial nerve had started to die. It was too late to do anything, because other nerves were already dead.

"The irony is that Kaiser Hospital has one of the best nerve-grafting specialists in the country," says Lipton. "If my doctor had been honest with me and admitted his mistake, I would have had nerve work done, and possibly it could have been grafted back. But Dr. Whiteley kept calling it a 'facial weakness' and telling me not to worry about it because 'nobody notices your face but you anyway.' So without plastic surgery I would have looked like that the rest of my life."

Lipton's problems turned out to be much more than just cosmetic. He had to undergo steady, long-term treatment at medical clinics to keep the ear infection—incurred by Dr. Whiteley's treatment—from spreading to his brain. While waiting four-and-a-half years for his medical malpractice suit to come to trial, his depression became constant, driving him to the verge of suicide and

(continued on page 56)



"I don't douche anymore, Doc. I use odor-eaters."

FUTURE CELEBRITY PREDICTIONS

Who would have thought a '60s radical of Chicago Seven fame like Jerry Rubin would find happiness as a Wall Street investment counselor? How could even the most imaginative writer have created a novel in which a hate-

filled Black Panther like Eldridge Cleaver becomes an evangelical minister? But these things really happened. And they reinforce the saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction." Of course, whoever coined the phrase didn't

know that the HUSTLER fortune-tellers were right around the corner, gazing into their crystal balls. So here's our shot at figuring the tune-ins, turn-ons and sell-outs of the years to come.

ALL THE STONES ARE DEAD...
BUT ONE!

Jagger

(NOW I REALLY) CAN'T GET NO SATISFACTION

INCLUDES
THE HITS:
19TH CORONARY
BREAKDOWN
HEY, YOU LET GO
OF MY CANE
ANGINA

"This could be the LAST TIME..." -JAGGER

METRO

Times



Old man of the sea Jacques Cousteau overlooks his fishermen as they haul out another batch of what he calls "slimy little brain-food."

Famed Diver Introduces "The Undersea Dinners of Jacques Cousteau"

After decades of exploring the deep, world-renowned oceanographer Jacques Cousteau has decided it's time to exploit the deep with his new line of frozen seafood dinners. "I spent so many of my years just watching zese little devils... eef only I had a franc for each of them zat I could 'ave grabbed and killed... Sacre bleu!" Cousteau exclaimed at a recent press conference.

Besides popular dishes like perch, cod and trout, Cousteau is introducing the first whale-fillet seafood dinner. When asked why he is promoting an endangered species for a dinner item, he said, "Oh, just for ze halibut. Ha-ha! You get out of their heads and are better off on your plate. Trust me, I know." Cousteau expects to find a large market for his dinners in Japan.



STAR TRAKS



Marlon Brando's [^] Wild West Show

"Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show was too easy on the red-skinned savages. In my show we make 'em an offer they can't refuse." That was the comment of former American Indian sympathizer Marlon Brando at a press conference to announce the opening of his new Wild West extravaganza.

What turned the Godfather sour on Indians? "Those red assholes were

awarded 5,000 acres in a legal battle in upstate New York. Did I get anything for my troubles? No! So if I can't make a buck helping them . . . I'll make a buck hurting them." And he does hurt them in his new show, "Dishonest Injuns." In the scene above, Brando's cast reenacts the first Thanksgiving. Needless to say, the public will find that ticket-scalping isn't the most dangerous activity at this performance.

Maybe Sacheen Littlefeather never gave Brando back his Oscar. . . .



STARRING
JESSE JACKSON
in his first role among
the hard-core.
And we don't mean
the unemployed!

"It sizzles like a city
ghetto during the
summer of '68" — Jet

From the jungles
of Harlem to the
jungles of Zimbabwe . . .
he came to teach
them the meaning
of lust.

**OPERATION
PUSH, PUSH...
IN THE BUSH.**



OPERATION PUSH
PRODUCTIONS



HIND THE SCENES



the between
Jean Star
trayed A
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will get
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Idi Amin Undergoes Sex-Change
Former dictator and Ugandan crazy man Idi Amin stops here to talk to reporters after completion of his sex-change. Now preferring to be called "Edie," the tyrant explains that he switched gender to avoid old enemies. "After you eat dey brudders, dey carries a grudge," he told us. "I use to got de balls to face dem ... but not no more."

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Saturday

7:15 AM to 8 AM

- 7:15 **TOM AND JERRY**—Cartoons
- 7:20 **RAT PATROL**—Adventure
- 7:25 **HEATHCLIFF, DINGBAT**
- 7:30 **MARLO AND THE MAGIC MOVIE MACHINE**
- BIG BLUE MARBLE**
- GIGGLESNORT HOTEL**—Children
- ELEMENTARY NEWS**
- QUE PASA U.S.A.?**
- VEGETABLE SOUP II**—Children
- BURBUJAS**
- PUPPET TREE**—Children

- 8 AM **MIGHTY MOUSE/HECKLE JECKLE**—Cartoons
- FLINTSTONES**—Cartoon
- RIFLEMAN**—Western (R)
- PLASTIC MAN, BABY PI**—Cartoons
- ROLLER SUPERSTARS**
- MOVIE**—Drama (R)
- "Trade Winds." (1938) From melodrama about a detective (Ft March) pursuing a lovely fugitive justice (Joan Bennett) across

It's Ayatollah Koko-Meini Now!



The Ayatollah Kiddie Show

Join Iran's religious clown as he slips, trips and flips his way through a new children's show on Saturday mornings at 11. Underneath that stern demeanor is the hapless buffoon we always expected to find. It's an hour of no songs, no dance and no fun (according to Moslem custom), but your kids will be glued to the set anyway. 'Cause if they leave ... they'll be shot!



NEW SERIES!

32

RANDOM NO



Madcap Lucy and "Raging Bull" De Niro go punk. Their new band, The Exploding Stars, is expected to perform its hit single "I Love PCP" at a Whisky a Go Go gig in Los Angeles.

HOSPITAL HORRORS

(continued from page 52)

requiring weekly visits to a psychiatrist.

For his anguish and humiliation, Lipton was awarded a final settlement of \$401,000 in his suit against Dr. Whiteley and Kaiser Hospital. Of that amount, Lipton received only \$188,000. (Nearly \$200,000 went to legal fees, including almost \$100,000 to a lawyer who spent only a few days on the case.)

Today Lipton says he would gladly exchange the money for his old face. No amount can adequately compensate him for his torture, disfigurement and years of despair.

Dr. Edward Whiteley continued practicing medicine in San Francisco for nine years before retiring.

TRUE CASE HISTORY # 5

In early 1980, 57-year-old Elaine Mezich developed a sharp, cutting pain in her abdomen and was rushed to Cabrini Hospital in Seattle, Washington. Emergency-room doctors at first suspected acute appendicitis, but that diagnosis was soon eliminated. The doctors then ordered X-rays while Mezich squirmed in pain. Surprisingly, the pictures of her abdominal cavity showed a six-inch pair of forceps. Thinking she must have been lying on the instrument

when the X-rays were taken, another set was ordered. They came back showing the same forceps.

Surgeons rushed Mezich into the operating room and worked for four hours to remove a tool that had been left inside her during an operation five years earlier. They also cleared a bowel obstruction, apparently caused when the forceps moved into the large intestine.

Unfortunately, Elaine Mezich had no legal recourse for the stupid mistake that caused her great discomfort and threatened her health. The surgeon who left the forceps inside her had died.

TRUE CASE HISTORY # 6

For most of her life 33-year-old Kim Plock of Santa Ana, California, had wanted to have bigger breasts. So in 1978 she went to see Dr. Ralph J. Small, who called himself a plastic surgeon even though he was not certified for that specialty. He explained that the procedure for putting silicone implants into her breasts was relatively simple and could easily be performed in his office. She agreed to go ahead with the surgery at a cost of about \$1,500.

When Plock showed up for the appointment, she was placed on a table in an examining room and given an anesthetic by a medical technician. The doc-

tor then made the necessary incisions in her breasts and began filling them with small implant bags.

Five days after the operation Plock's nude body lay on a slab at the Orange County Coroner's Office. An autopsy revealed she had not died from the implant procedure itself, but from improperly administered anesthesia. County investigators soon discovered that the person who had administered the anesthetic, under Dr. Small's guidance and supervision, was not qualified to do so.

Not hiring proper personnel, not being linked with a major hospital and not bothering to become certified in specialties he performed had long been hallmarks of Dr. Small's shoddy practice.

"He not only didn't have hospital affiliations—he didn't want any," says Deputy District Attorney Brent Romney. "He was certified for ear, nose and throat, but he decided he liked plastic surgery better. He made pretty good money at it before he was caught."

Dr. Small was placed on five years' probation after pleading no contest to involuntary manslaughter. As part of the court ruling, he was ordered not to perform plastic surgery below the neck. Furthermore, his medical license was suspended by the California Board of Medical Quality Assurance. Although his license has since been reinstated, Dr. Small no longer practices medicine because he can't get malpractice insurance.

"He's a dishonest, reckless human being," Romney says. "He should only be able to practice under closely guarded supervision."

TRUE CASE HISTORY # 7

Allen Jones (not his real name), a 38-year-old New Yorker, had been admitted to the Manhattan State Psychiatric Center late in 1978, suffering from "violent and suicidal" behavior. One day around 9:30 a.m., after reportedly taking cigarettes from other patients and then throwing himself on the floor, Jones was grabbed by a hospital employee and strapped into a straitjacket.

At 1:45 p.m. Jones was let out of the restraint for an hour-long break. At 2:45 p.m. the jacket was put back on him by an employee who was apparently demonstrating to co-workers how easily he could straitjacket a patient. In the process he punched Jones in the back and placed him in a vicious neckhold. The hold broke a bone in Jones's neck, caused hemorrhaging in his eyes and resulted in his going into convulsions. Eventually he blacked out.

Lying flat on his back with his head raised only a few inches off the bed, he was fed twice during the ordeal. In that position, particles of food flowed di-



"You the lady who called for a phone repairman?"



"I need a volunteer."

rectly into his lungs. Meanwhile, Jones was tranquilized four times in eight hours—instead of the prescribed once every six hours—one time with a drug his chart showed he was allergic to. He began perspiring heavily and running a temperature later estimated to be as high as 108°. Yet the only medical treatment he received was cold compresses. By 8:15 that night, Jones was dead.

A state investigation revealed that "indifferent medical and nursing care and physical abuse" were major factors in his demise. No criminal charges were filed against any hospital employee. And nobody involved in Jones's death has been fired.

Experts believe most hospital horrors happen because of the reluctance of doctors to acknowledge their errors—and thus correct them while there is still time. "Doctors have an inbred pomposity that does not allow them to admit mistakes," says attorney Robert Harlem, an expert on malpractice cases. "It starts the first day of medical school, when they join the age-old fraternity of fellow physicians. If they make a mistake, they lose the respect of colleagues. So they learn to hide them."

They also learn to conceal the mistakes of their colleagues. "Doctors make the Hippocratic Oath to other

doctors—not to patients," says Harlem. "In it, they promise to keep the secrets of their profession. In other words, don't tell on your brothers, and they won't tell on you. That attitude has gone on for centuries."

Fortunately, a number of public officials are crusading for badly needed reform. The House Commerce Committee's Investigations Subcommittee spent several years investigating surgical procedures used by U.S. doctors. On the hotly controversial topic of unnecessary surgery—and the toll it takes on patients—the House investigators made a number of startling discoveries.

□ In one typical year (1974) there were 2.4 million unnecessary surgeries performed in the nation, with approximately 1,000 people dying each month from operations they didn't require.

□ In April of that study year the investigators reported that many of the deaths and serious complications which occurred during *necessary* surgeries should have been prevented. This report was based on a study conducted by the American College of Surgeons, which found that of 1,696 life-threatening complications among patients, 796 were preventable. And of the 245 surgical-patient deaths, 85 were preventable.

In possibly its most shocking find, the subcommittee learned that surgery is

performed on "the needy and the near-poor at twice the rate of surgery on the general population." These surgeries, paid for by Medicaid, "could rekindle charges that surgeons are performing thousands, if not millions, of unnecessary operations in the United States each year at tremendous financial cost and some cost of lives."

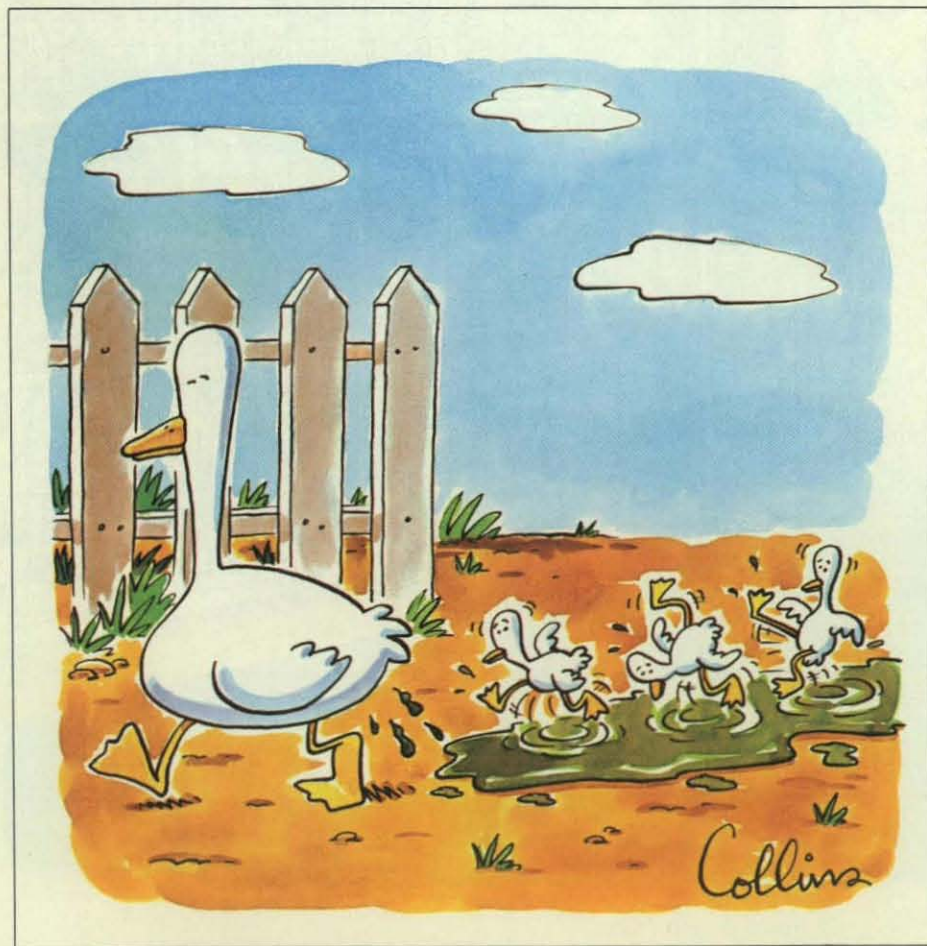
The all-time record for unnecessary surgeries is probably held by a Southern California podiatrist, Dr. Leon Bleiberg. Malpractice claims totaling millions of dollars were filed against him in the 1970s. He made a good living advising unsophisticated patients that a "trans-metatarsal head re-section" procedure was necessary. An operation employed when there is no function in the feet at all, it raises movement from zero to 20%. But to fatten his practice, Bleiberg recommended the procedure for patients who had 90% to 95% of normal foot function. He crippled many of them.

An ethical podiatrist ordinarily performs two or three such operations in his entire career. Bleiberg admitted that he had done 500. Ensuing malpractice litigation ended this part of his career. But still, the doctor could not admit that he did anything wrong. "It's fashionable today to sue for trans-metatarsal head re-sections," he glibly observed.

One concerned public official is California Governor Edmund Brown, Jr., who calls hospitals "one of the biggest rackets in America." Addressing last year's National Governors Association conference in Denver, Colorado, Brown assailed the hospital industry for being protected by "the most powerful lobby that's ever been created. It makes the military look like pikers."

"When we let people know just what a racket we've got [with the hospital industry], I think they are going to rise up in righteous indignation," he predicts. "We have to get people to recognize that hospitals—while they often cure—often destroy. Ten to 25% of the people who go to hospitals contract staph infections (such as boils) and receive improper chemicals and excessive surgeries. In general you're much better off if you can stay away [from them] until it becomes absolutely necessary."

It is to be hoped that others will also rise up in indignation at the unthinkable waste of human life and spirit taking place daily inside our hospitals—those cherished institutions that are supposed to cure, rather than kill and mutilate. But in the meantime, remember that when you enter a hospital, you are putting your life in someone else's hands. And that someone may not be worthy of your trust. He may simply not give a damn.

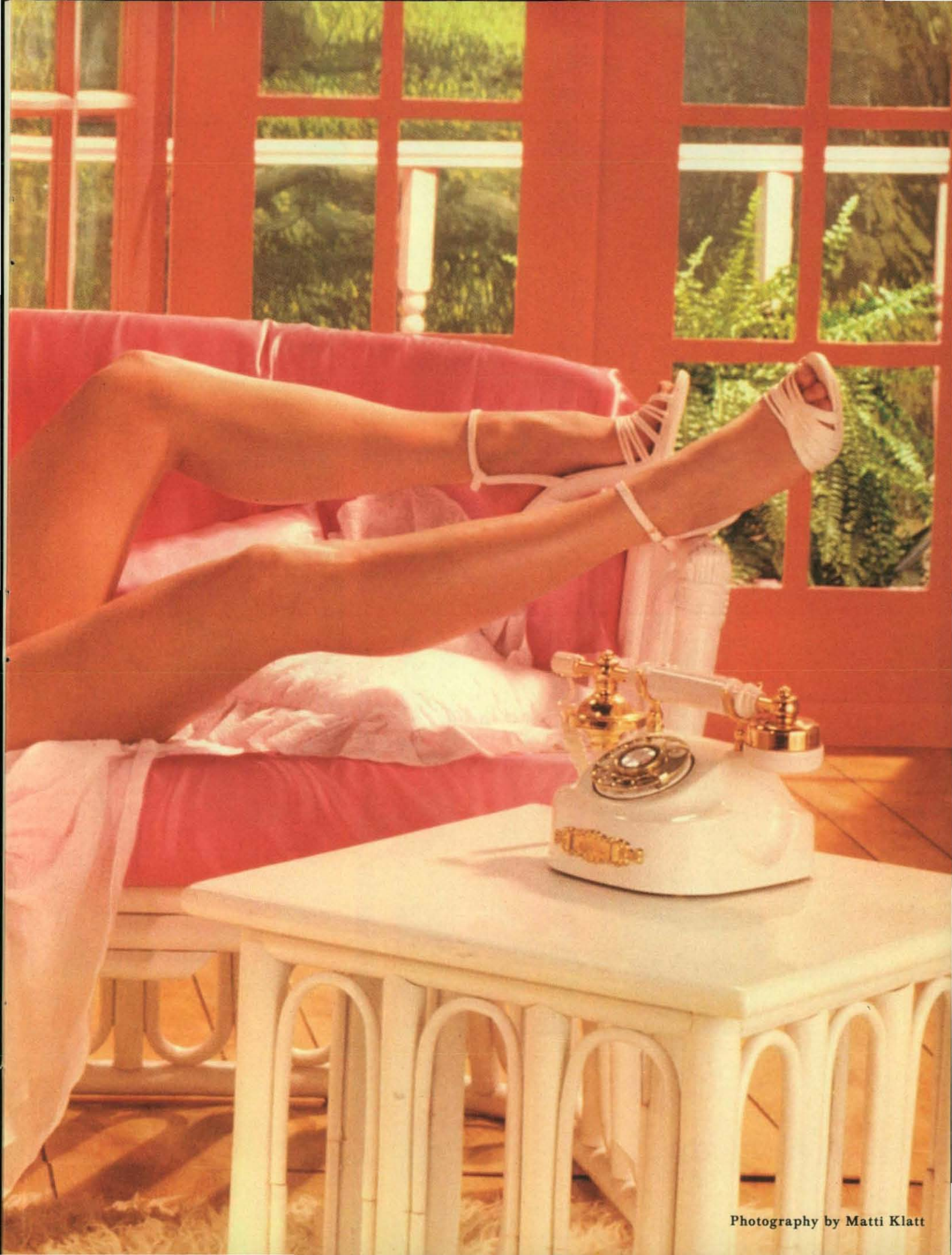




"Prophylactics? Hmmm . . . I don't know. Have you tried over by the wiener wrap?"



RACHEL
Virgin Spring





"After a long winter of wearing heavy clothes, I can't wait for springtime," says Rachel, a 20-year-old waitress from Peoria. "There's nothing that can compare to a soft breeze through my window, caressing me."

Letting those spring breezes wash over her naked body soon has an effect on this Midwestern girl. Before long she craves a firmer caress than the wind can provide, and her hands begin their work. Flesh warms to her touch; nipples blossom like flowers. Spring is in the air.



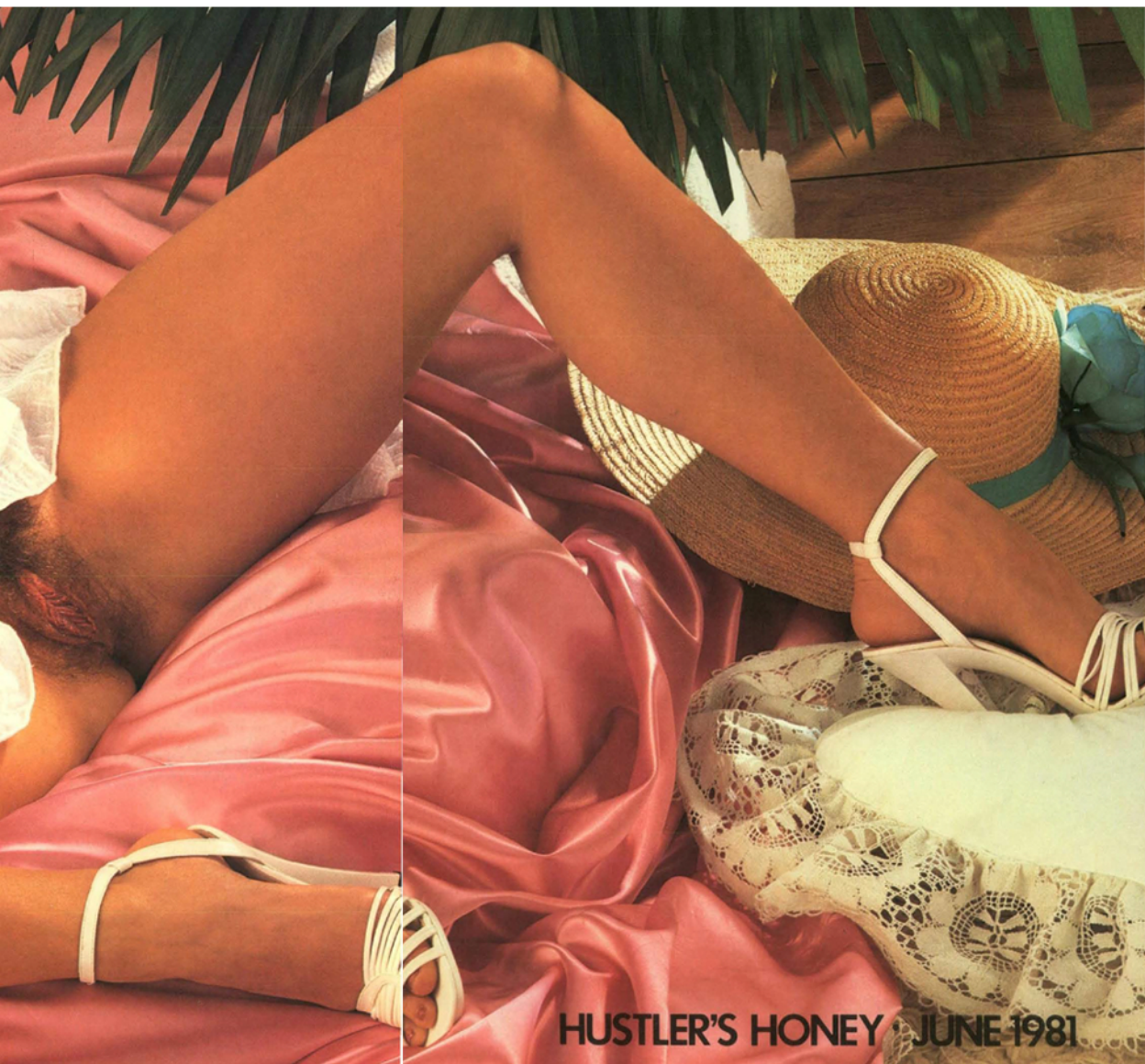














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A man took a young woman to an X-rated movie, purchased some refreshments and showed his date to her seat. Soon after the onscreen action got started, she put her hand on the man's lap. Looking over at him, she remarked, "I see this is getting you excited too. But how come it's so cold?"

"Because you're jerking off my popsicle," the man replied.

Sadly enough, good Sister Margaret died and through some error found herself in hell. She immediately called Saint Peter and said, "This is Sister Margaret. There's been a terrible mistake!" She explained the situation, and Saint Peter said he'd get right on it.

The next day the nun didn't hear from Saint Peter and called him back. "Please set this error straight before tomorrow," she implored. "There's an orgy planned for tonight, and everyone must attend!"

"Of course, Sister," he said. "I'll get you out of there right away." Apparently, her plight slipped his mind, and the following morning he received another telephone call from hell. He picked up the receiver and heard, "Hey, Pete, this is Maggie. Never mind!"

It seems the K-9 divisions of police departments in most large American cities have decided to dispose of their German shepherds and replace them with coon dogs. They just aren't having that many problems with Germans these days.

Three old men in a nursing home were talking.

The 70-year-old said, "What I'd like is to be able to take a nice two-minute piss. I'd give anything for that."

The 80-year-old man said, "What I'd give anything for is to be able to take a great shit. It's been ten years since I had a great shit."

The 90-year-old man said, "Every morning at 7:30 I take a great two-minute piss. At 8 in the morning I take a really long shit. What I'd give anything for is to be able to get out of bed before noon!"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *fart* as: a homosexual's mating call.

Question: What happened when the Pope went to Mount Olive?

Answer: Popeye beat the shit out of him.

A strange-looking fellow walked into the local brothel, had a quick conference with the madam, and, after paying the price required for his request, was shown to a room. Inside he found an attractive prostitute naked and waiting on the bed. The man stripped, jumped up on the bed, squatted over the woman and promptly shit on her chest. This activity continued for ten days, always with the same girl.

Finally, on the 11th day, he entered the room, stripped, squatted over the whore's chest, strained, but only farted. The girl opened her eyes, looked up at him and said, "Whatsa matter, honey, don't you love me anymore?"

Two good ol' boys were walking down a country road when they spotted a female sheep stuck in a rail fence, its hindquarters facing them. "Woo-ee!" bel-

lowed one of the men. "Sorta makes you wish it was one of them **HUSTLER** centerfolds, don't it?"

"Hell," answered the other guy. "I just wish it was dark!"

Question: Why can't mid-get women use tampons?
Answer: They keep tripping over the strings.

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *welfare* as: the government's early-retirement plan for minorities.

A young man visited his doctor, complaining of a decreased sex drive. The doctor prescribed an old but proven remedy of powdered rhinoceros horn. After a time the man saw his doctor again and was asked if the powdered rhino horn had helped. "Yes, Doc, the stuff worked fine. My wife and I are fucking like

minks now. But there's one bad side effect."

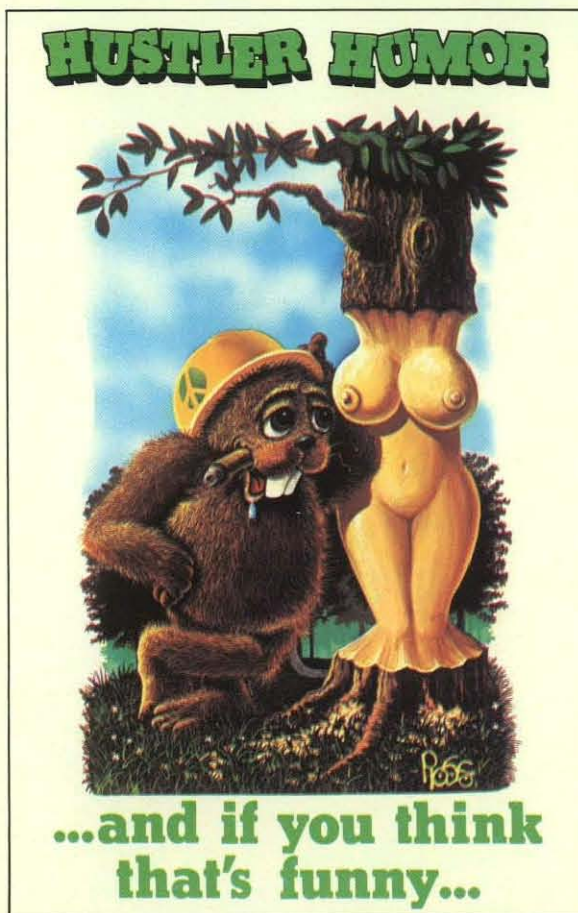
"Well, what's that?" the doctor asked.

"Every so often I have an irresistible urge to ram a jeep," the young man replied.

"Grandpa," asked the curious little boy, "why does Grandma always boil water when Mama's having a baby?"

"Well," said the crusty old man, "I guess so if'n the little one's born dead, we can always make soup."

***HUSTLER** Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER** Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$50. Sorry, but we cannot return your submissions.*



CHESTER & HESTER



"You bet your ass it's disgusting, stewardess! Just look at the legroom in this thing!"

A detailed illustration of a double bass (upright bass) in a dark wood finish. The instrument is positioned vertically, with its body and f-holes clearly visible. In the upper right corner, a hand with pink nail polish holds a lit cigarette. The background is a light, neutral color.

Freddy Fender

BRIGHT LIGHTS AND LONELY NIGHTS

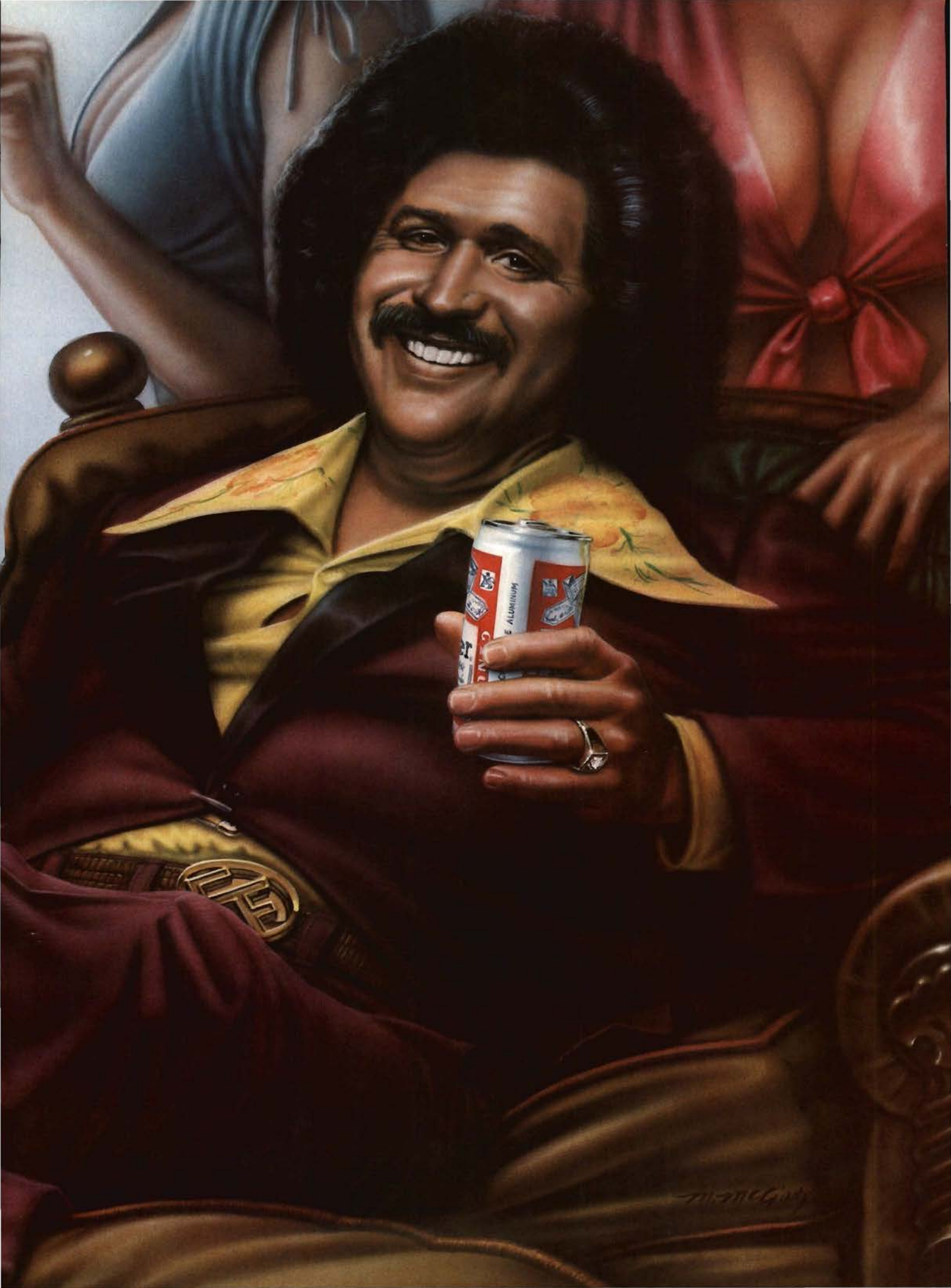
Just a few years ago Freddy Fender was riding high on a string of million-selling “born-loser” songs—soulful downers like “Before the Next Teardrop Falls,” “Wasted Days and Wasted Nights” and “The Wild Side of Life.” Almost overnight he had been catapulted from the bleak obscurity of bordertown beer joints into the unrelenting glare of national celebrity.

But as he strode out on stage last summer at the Silver Bird Hotel in Las Vegas, both his career and his life were in shambles. Fender had not recorded a hit song for more than two years. He was estranged from Huey Meaux, his long-time producer, who—for a hefty percentage—had “babysat” the singer through the emotionally devastating cultural shock of instant success.

Lawsuits and a run-in with the IRS had socked it to Fender for more than \$300,000. And now, like the punchline to a bad joke, his wife of 23 years was suing him for divorce. He had even gone through a “born-again” religious conversion with her in order to save their marriage; but that hadn’t helped. Friends said she had every intention of

PROFILE BY BOB ALLEN

Illustration by Mick McGinty



"cleaning him out." In her bitterness she had managed to keep Fender away from their youngest child, and he had not seen the boy for nearly a year.

Freddy Fender was not getting any younger—and he knew it better than anybody. At performances like this one in Vegas and the 300 or so other nights of the year that he spent touring the nation, trying to keep up with his debts and hold on to his sanity, he felt every one of his 44 years.

As he moved sluggishly across the stage, the spotlight accented his weary features. Those in the front rows couldn't help but notice the deepening streaks of gray in his thick bushy hair and the dark worry lines under his perpetually sad eyes.

What they couldn't see were the needle marks from the injections he took every day for a severe case of diabetes. He was also on a steady diet of tranquilizers prescribed by his doctor to help cope with the trauma and sleepless nights brought on by his overwhelming problems. A heavy drinker for most of his life, Fender had for some time suffered from a weight problem. To cover his paunch, a thick safety pin replaced the bottom button of his fancy rhinestoned tuxedo.

Before going on stage at the Silver Bird, Fender had downed several glasses

of straight whiskey. He also had made the sign of the cross, just as he always did before a show. The whiskey was a sacrament of sorts, a permanent part of a nightly routine that took the edge off and helped ensure a smooth performance. But on this occasion neither the whiskey nor the sign of the cross was going to be of much avail. His personal demons already seemed to have the upper hand.

Walking further into the glare of the spotlight, Fender suddenly felt his knees grow weak. A wave of nausea hit him, and his senses blurred. He could hear the roar of the packed house, but it seemed distant and far away—as if everybody were underwater. Still, when his band kicked into their opening song—"Whiskey River"—Fender felt himself move along in the riptide of the music, and for a moment all the pain stopped tugging at his soul.

Then, abruptly, he stopped singing. The grin on his face turned to a look of numb confusion as the potentially lethal combination of booze and pills took hold. Fender froze, and his mouth fell open. As he stood there clutching the microphone, something suddenly hit him in the face very hard. It was the floor. *Oh, shit!* he thought. *The audience is all sideways. Maybe if I keep singing, no one will notice.*

He lay on the polished hardwood for a moment, rolling around like Humpty Dumpty. When he pulled himself to his feet again, the customers in the front row scattered, afraid the singer would fall on them. The band quickly kicked into another number. But Fender's mouth was too numb to sing. Finally, his musicians led him staggering and reeling off the stage, like a kayoed prizefighter carried out of the bloody ring before the final bell sounds.

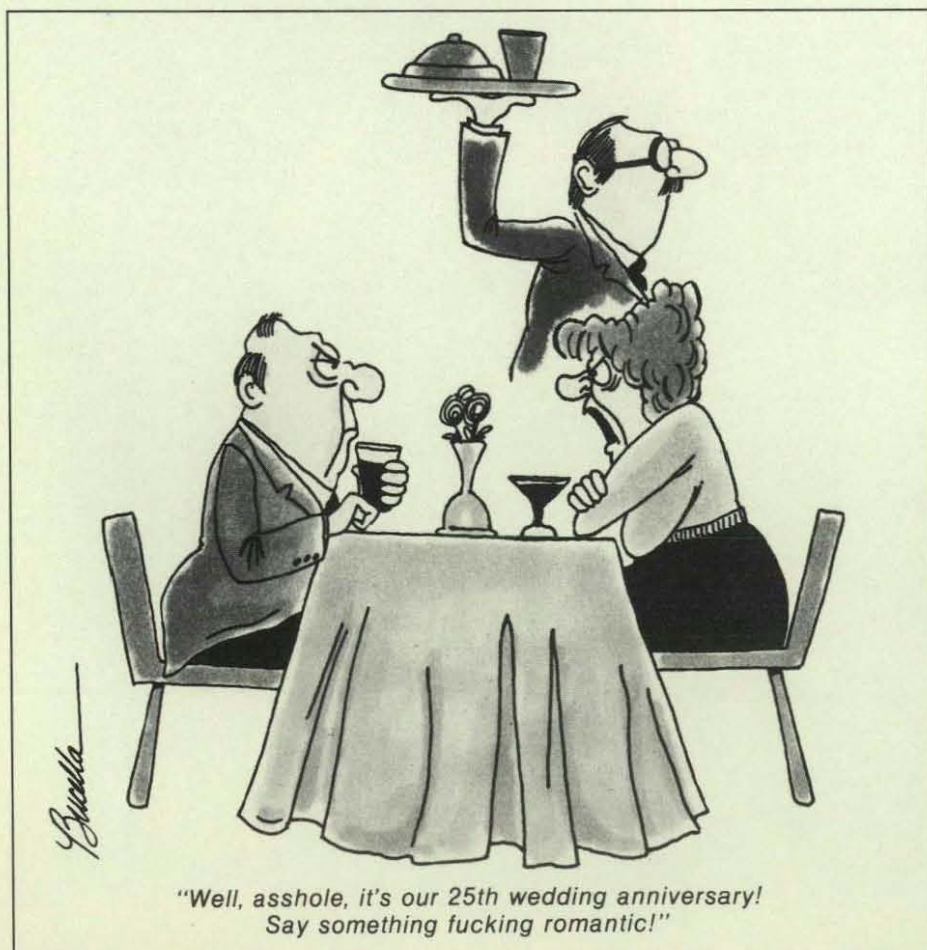
Several months later Fender returned to Vegas, once again headlining at the Silver Bird. It was 1:30 a.m., following his second enthusiastically received show of the evening. His purple-satin, rhinestone-studded stage costume was draped over the back of an easy chair in his regal hotel suite, and his \$200 lizard-skin cowboy boots were lying by the flickering color-TV set. Fender sat on the edge of a rumpled bed, his large potbelly hanging over his blue briefs. Enhanced by the effects of five bottles of Budweiser, his loud laughter shattered the eerie late-night gloom.

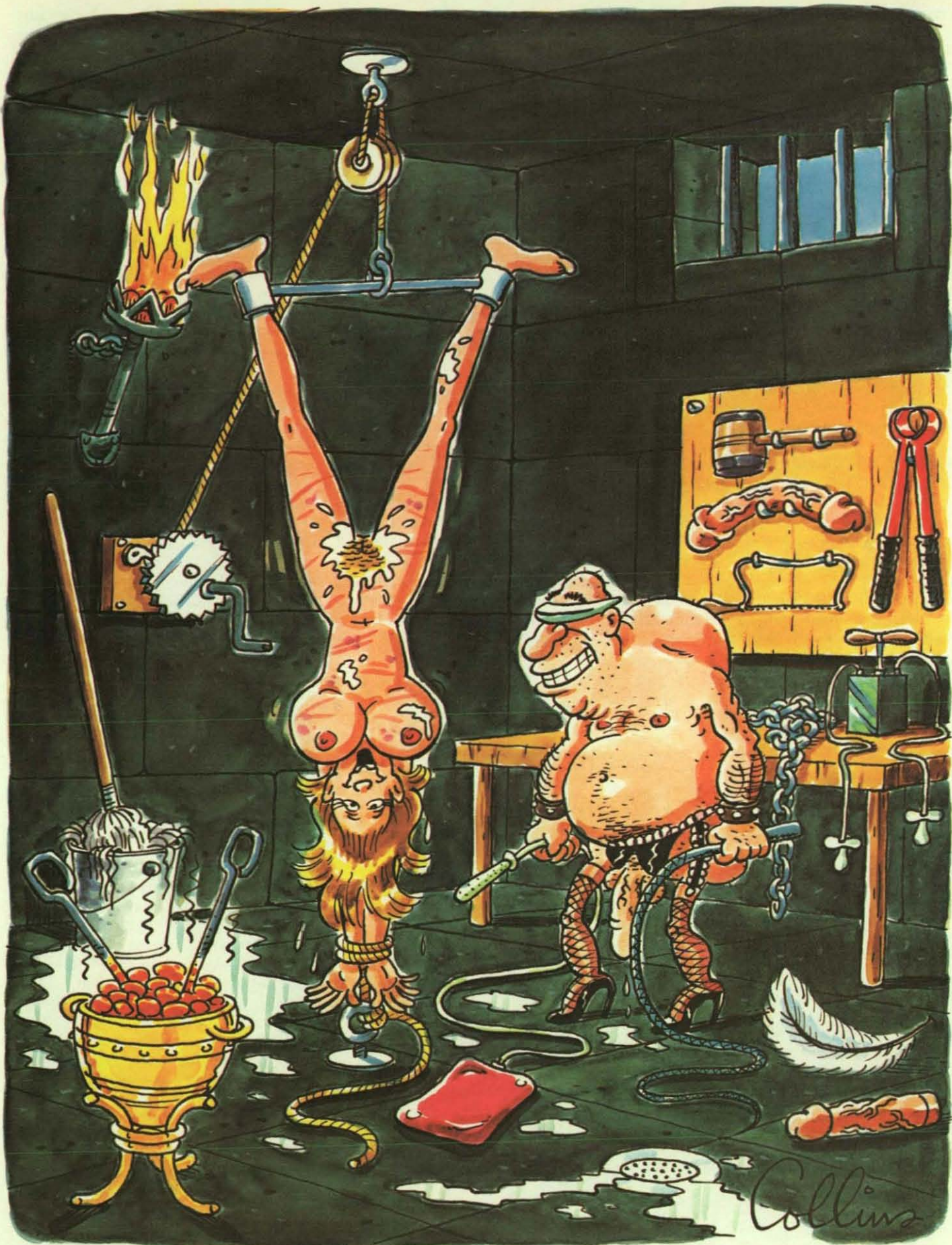
"You know, it's a wonder I didn't die that night I fell down," he said, exhaling a thick cloud of cigarette smoke through his Pancho Villa mustache. "I felt like they were trying to put me under for an operation. The funniest thing is that since that night, I have packed this place, every show." A somber look flickered across his face for an instant, and then dissolved into a wide grin. "I think they're waitin' for me to fall down again!"

This recent misadventure seemed like an all-too-easy, but nonetheless frightfully accurate metaphor for the entirety of his long, wayward career. From the time he was born in a barrio in the small Texas town of San Benito, near the Mexican border, his life story has been a series of swift kicks in the ass and crippling body blows that have taken him from one crisis to the next. Yet somehow, Fender has always managed to get back on his feet.

From a grim childhood spent toiling as a migrant worker in poverty conditions, his life did a slow dissolve into a grueling pill-and-booze-soaked bender, playing music on the swing shift at small, kickass Texas taverns. Then there was a harrowing three-year stint in a shithole called the Louisiana State Penitentiary on a trumped-up drug charge; and ultimately an even more tumultuous life in the eye of the hurricane known as fame.

"There is much pain in my life now," Fender said almost matter-of-factly, cracking open another beer. He rubbed his sad eyes lightly as he spoke in the





"It worked! My hiccups are gone!"

intriguing counterpoint of a broad Texas drawl peppered with sharp, cocky Chicano inflections. "There is the pain of my disease, the pain of living alone after 23 years of marriage, which is a terribly traumatic thing. There is the pain of my whole life embedded in my soul."

Fender's melancholy reflections were momentarily interrupted by his 53-year-old road manager, Jerry Walton, a soft-spoken Abe Lincoln look-alike. As a youth, he had robbed 11 banks before getting caught on his 12th attempt—for which he served nine-and-a-half years in prison.

"Hey, Freddy, there's some damned crazyass broad down at the backstage door, sayin' she's your wife and that you're a no-good son of a bitch," he said. "Security had to throw her out."

"Who was she?" he asked with a wicked gleam in his eye.

"I don't know," his manager guffawed. "I never seen her before. But I hate like hell for 'em to treat your wife like that!"

"Ah, don't worry about it," Fender said with a weak grin. "Crazy scenes like that happen all the time."

A little while later Fender relaxed on the deep-cushioned sofa in his hotel suite's living room. He was talking and

laughing loudly, obviously enjoying the rowdy companionship of the roomful of admirers—many of them women. Among those present were Fender's oldest boy, 22-year-old Sonny (a drummer in his father's band), and another friend—a Mexican-American amusement-park magnate.

"You know," Fender was telling them, "everybody in America loves a winner! And even more, they love a loser who becomes a winner—which is what I am!"

The improbability of his own unlikely rise to fame is certainly not lost on Fender himself. To say the least, the odds were steep that a pudgy, double-chinned, 5-7, 200-pound Mexican-American ex-con with a long string of failures in the music business already behind him would suddenly burst into the national limelight and take his place alongside crooners like Tom Jones and Andy Williams as a contemporary sex symbol. In fact, by Fender's own estimate, the odds were about "15 million to one."

But that's exactly what happened. By the time Fender's first million-seller, "Before the Next Teardrop Falls," broke nationally in 1975, he had spent the better part of two decades playing small clubs and recording for obscure labels. During the same period he barely supported himself and his family at a

series of car-washing, street-sweeping and fruit-picking jobs.

Fender had been around for so long when "Teardrop" was released that many disc jockeys prematurely threw the record in the trash can without even bothering to listen to it. "Why are you betting on an old, broken-down horse like Fender?" they asked his tough-talking, renegade Cajun producer, Huey Meaux. After all, when "Teardrop" hit, Meaux had already been producing Fender and sending his records out to deejays without success for nearly four years. But inspired by what he called "the cry of pain and sadness in Fender's voice," Meaux had persevered.

"Freddy don't sound like *nobody* else!" the producer said recently. "I tried to record him in every way that there was—Tex-Mex rock, rhythm and blues, Spanish reggae, Feliciano-style. I tried every way I could to get him a style before we ran into the country thang."

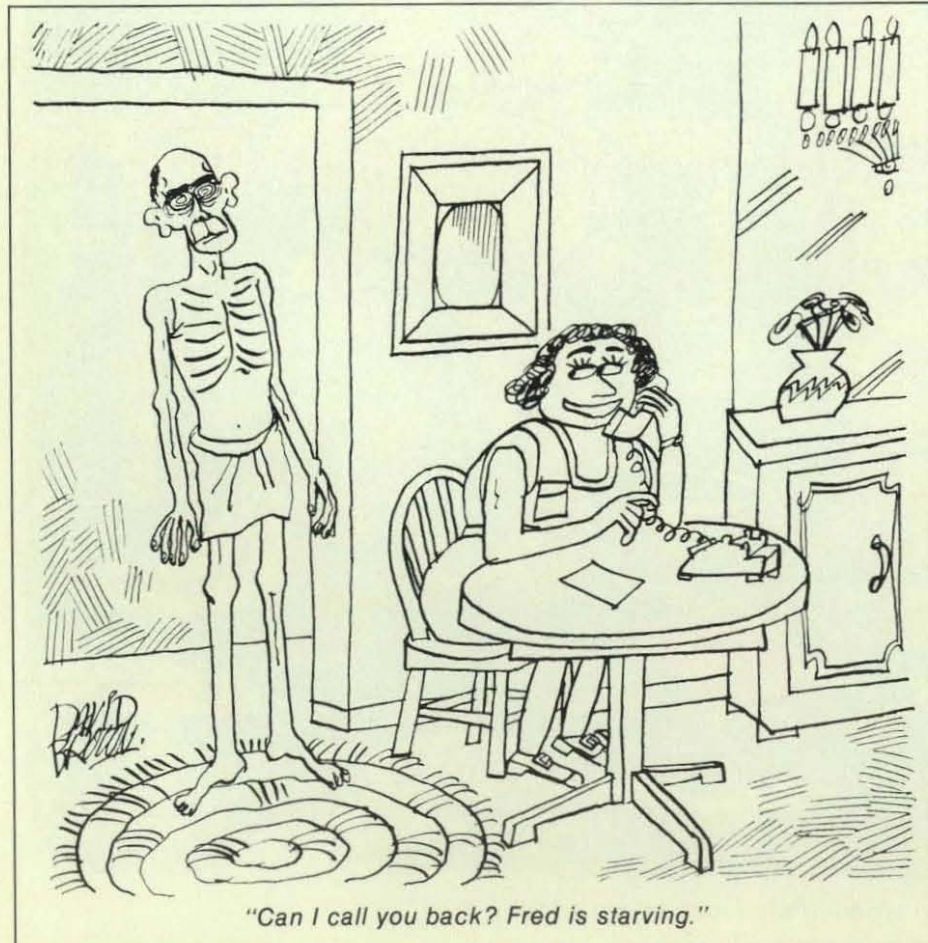
Surprisingly, after all the more familiar styles had failed, it was "the country thang" that clicked. Maybe it was the combination of Fender's pure, sorrowful tenor coaxing all the down-home pain and pathos out of that great country tearjerker. Whatever it was, deejays soon found themselves down on their knees rummaging through their trash cans, trying to find the record that everyone else across the country was now playing. And Fender, who had been working in a car wash for \$1.80 an hour and pursuing a degree in sociology at night school, found himself a country-music star, of all things.

"It was weird, man," he recalled, sharing his story with the roomful of admirers. "When I first heard 'Teardrop,' I thought it was a bad gringo song—a piece of shit! I mean, I used to ridicule country music. I thought anybody who listened to it was a hillbilly or somethin'. And I'd always thought I was this real cool *Pachuco* dude with my long hair, sideburns, chain hangin' down outa my pocket and all that shit—a real San Benito city slicker. Then, *sheeit!* Here I am all of a sudden, Freddy Fender, the country-music star!"

Fender's vocal style seemed to cut right across all the racial and musical barriers. When he sang, he was able to convey all the hurt stored up inside him through his long years of personal and professional failure. When the rest of the world had a chance to hear the song, it struck a deep chord of recognition.

"There's a lot of people goin' through hell out there, and I can reach 'em with my songs," Fender said, opening another beer, lighting another cigarette and winking at the tall, statuesque


(continued on page 90)



"Can I call you back? Fred is starving."

DEBBIE

Dance of Desire



"My body is my profession," says 19-year-old Debbie, a junior ballerina who lives in New York. "I've loved the dance since I was a little girl. One of my fantasies is to dance naked onstage."

Debbie spends hours before the mirror, stretching every part of her perfectly toned body, studying every curve, analyzing every movement. "I like working nude, without a dance belt, so I can see exactly what's happening. I think that's the only way I can keep totally in touch with my body. Only trouble is, sometimes it excites me, and I have to either take a cold shower or . . . you know. . . ." She smiled without finishing the thought, then went back to her practice. But the shimmering juices between her legs promised that this rehearsal would be a brief one.





















FREDDY FENDER

(continued from page 78)

blonde one of his friends had just brought into the room. "Sometimes if you hear a song on the radio or wherever, the experience of that song can hurt you worse than what you're already hurting. But at least that hurt keeps your brain from goin' crazy."

When fame finally arrived for Balde-mar Huerta (Fender's real name) after all the aimless years of struggle, his gnawing sense of personal pain was not diminished. In fact, like his drinking problem, it seemed to be merely intensified by the pressure.

"Show business is hell," he said, shaking his head. "Your career can become a never-ending current of responsibility and fear. It dominates your entire life, and you forfeit your life. People forget too easily all the times that you were good. But if just one time you fuck up, they're gonna put your ass down like a cockroach goin' down the sink drain! The fear of that happening comes to dominate your whole life. As far as the money goes, all it's done for me is bring a bunch of lawsuits."

His voice trailed off. "Sometimes," he added wistfully, "I feel like sayin' the hell with it all and goin' back home to the old house where I used to live at and

just sit down on the porch and drink a beer and watch the dogs chase the cars down the street."

Fender's attention soon drifted from the dark thoughts of his own hard times to more-pressing subjects at hand—the long legs of the tall blonde across the room to whom he'd just been introduced. She was a German actress working in Mexico City. They conversed politely for a while, going back and forth easily between English and Spanish. But when the singer said something very sharply to the woman in Spanish, she lowered her eyes and flashed a shy, embarrassed smile. Fender roared with laughter. "You know what I am telling her?" he asked a friend who did not understand Spanish. "I am telling her I like big women like her so they can beat the *shit* out of me!"

Then, once again, his conversation with the blonde became polite and cordial. "Please," he begged, "give me your address in Mexico City. I will be going there soon." Searching for a pencil, he pulled open the drawer of the small end table next to the sofa, and a black-lace bra tumbled out. Fender grabbed the bra and dangled it by its strap like a dead scorpion. "Aw, hell," he laughed, feigning embarrassment. "How did *this* get here?!"

After the woman departed, Fender

turned to one of his friends with a wide grin. "I think she liked me," he said with casual self-assurance.

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah." He opened another beer. "When she came in and sat down, she had her legs crossed. But by the time she left, she had 'em wide open, and I could see all the way up there!" Fender and his companions laughed convulsively.

"To hell with this bullshit," he roared. "Let's go find some broads!"

In the topsy-turvy world of Las Vegas, particularly for entertainers, night quickly becomes a substitute for day. So by the time he had wound down from work at 3:30 a.m., it was actually early evening for Fender. And he was ready for some action. Dressed now in faded Levi's, matching jacket and a leather cowboy hat, he resembled any other middle-aged *Pachuco* dude beginning a long night's journey into day. Only this trip would take him through a hodge-podge of casinos, discos, flesh houses and all-night restaurants on the glittery Vegas Strip.

Around 5 a.m. he was sitting at a ringside table in a topless/bottomless strip joint, sipping maybe his tenth or 11th Budweiser. The long-legged dancers all slipped him the warm, inviting eye of recognition. Obviously he came here often.

"My wife is divorcing me because I like to stare," he sighed, glowering into his beer. "I got more pinches on my body from that! We got this old Mexican saying, you know, when your wife jumps on you for lookin' at a woman. You jump right back at her and say, 'Hey, I'm not a damn queer! I've got every right to look at a woman!'"

He spotted an attractive, dark-eyed dancer with a particularly slender body who soon would be wriggling out of her blouse and bumping and grinding on the stage. Just before show time she made a point to visit Fender's table.

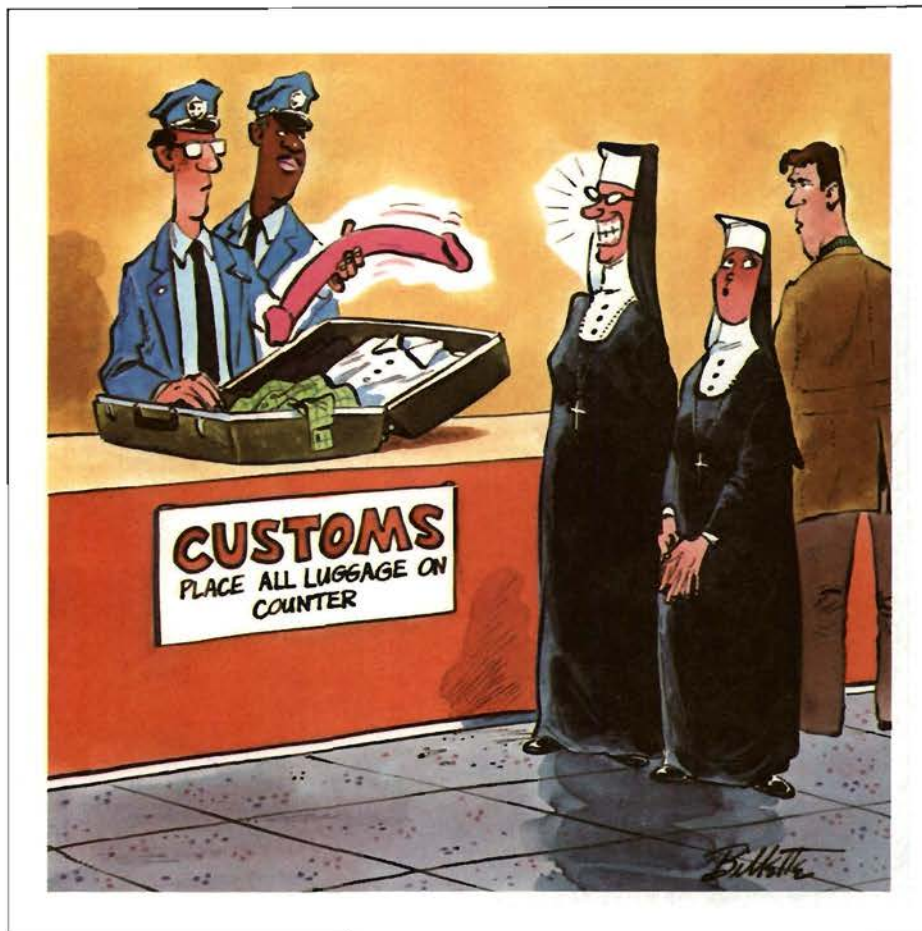
"Hey, you *know* I love you!" he assured her, with pleading eyes. "Marry me! Let me take you away from all this!"

"Oh, Fred-dy!" she giggled shyly, "I'd like to. But I told you, I got a boyfriend."

"*Sheeit!*" Fender shook his head sullenly and laughed as she walked away. "You know, I'm so damned unlucky, if I died and got reincarnated, I'd probably come back as myself!"

The fact of the matter is, when you consider all the shit Fender has been through and all the falls he has taken, he's probably lucky to still be alive and on his feet to complain about it.

The son of an illiterate laborer and
(continued on page 130)



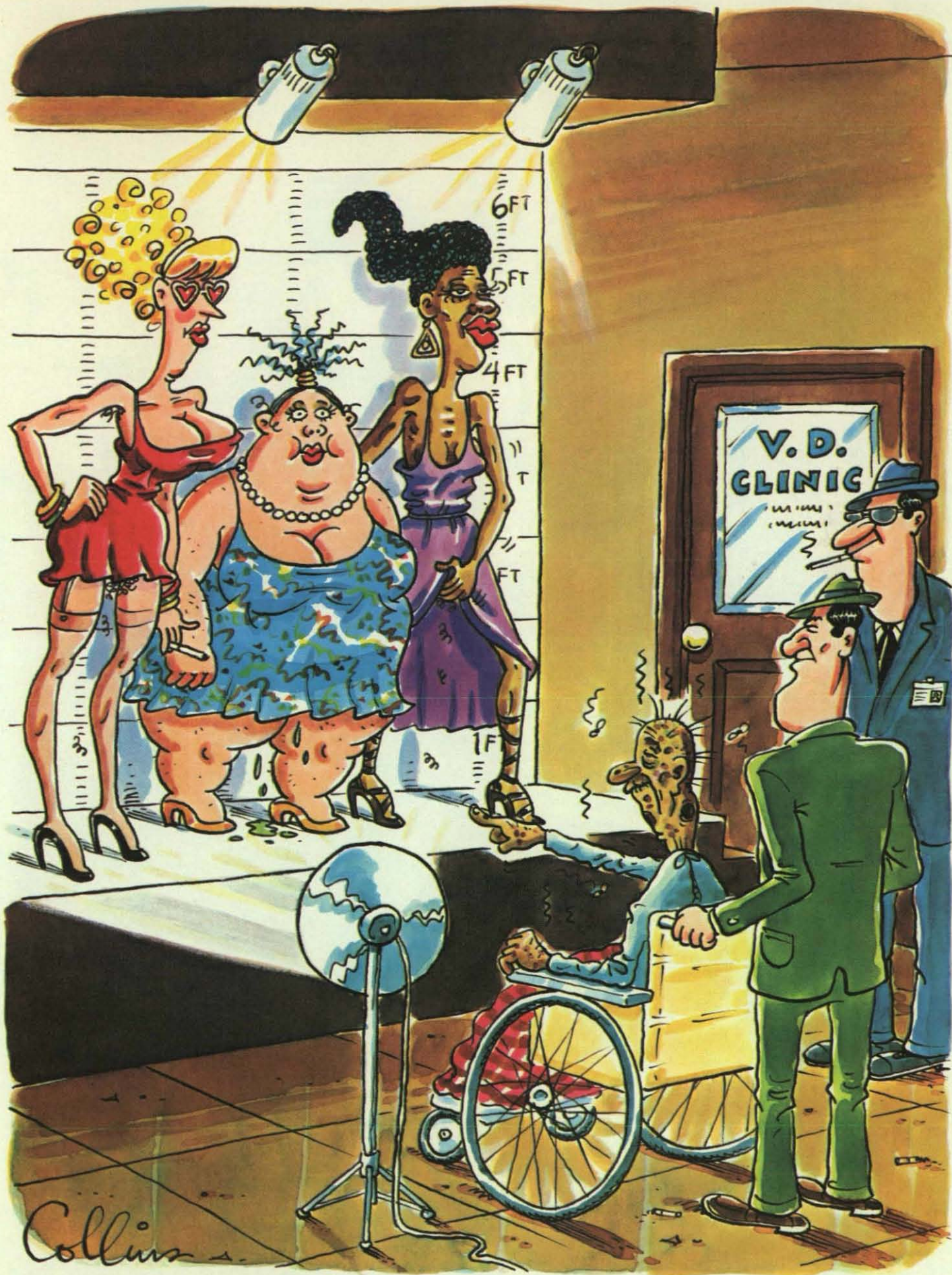




Illustration by Dan Kirk



WET WILLIE GOES BACK HOME

Wet Willie Murphy was on his way back home to Oklahoma when he first met Swallow Capistrano. She was standing on a corner in Santa Rosa, New Mexico, with her thumb out and her long, black hair blowing in the wind. She was wearing a tight T-shirt that said, ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE, and

some cut-off jeans that were so short, you could see her sweet little buns hanging out. As she jumped on the back of Willie's motorcycle without saying a word, a contented grin creased his weathered face. For there were just three things that mattered in Wet Willie's helter-skelter life: his bike, his dope and

FICTION BY RAY MILLER

his women—in no particular order of preference.

Lots of folks thought Johnny Cash's song "One Piece at a Time" was really about Wet Willie's shiny machine. Every part of it had been ripped off—requisitioned, he called it—from motorcycles of rival club members. Willie had got the idea while he was stoned in a foxhole over in Vietnam. Back home, he and Root Beer Bob had started going out to beer joints where small-time clubs like Satan's Stompers and the Rebels hung out.

First they'd get fried out of their gourds. Then they'd break out the tools and take the parts off bikes while their owners were inside drinking. Right where the missing parts had been they'd leave thank-you notes signed, "The Beast, Devil's Desperadoes M.C." That was also a way of letting them know who ruled various sections of turf back in California.

After a couple of months Willie had put together a fine customized machine like no other on the road before or since. He named it the Beast 666, and it seemed to have a life of its own, getting him out of near-wrecks that should have killed him. Dudes had tried to rip it off, but nobody besides Willie could ever get it to start. Pigs had chased it, only to eat exhaust fumes. No one had ever outrun the Beast.

It was nearly sundown on a hot June day when he picked up Swallow, figuring to ride straight on through the Texas Panhandle and stop on the other side of the state line in Oklahoma. He

always crossed that part of Texas after dark, ever since the time he'd got into a hassle with the Texas Rangers. Willie had been fooling with some fine-looking bitch in an Amarillo bar. She was married to a Ranger who came after him with a knife, and Willie busted a couple of beer bottles on the guy's head before leaving. This was just regular Saturday-night stuff in Amarillo, but the Ranger wanted revenge real bad. Ten years later he was still after Willie's ass.

That's why every biker who came through the Panhandle got hassled. If he was flying Devil's Desperadoes colors, he got tossed in the can for questioning. Willie didn't like the odds of dealing with any lawman on his home ground, particularly when he was by himself. So he was determined to ride on through at night, nonstop.

Just over the Texas state line, Swallow reached around in front of his face and popped a couple of whites into his mouth. "That'll keep you awake," she hollered above the roar of wind and machine. She felt real good hanging on tight with her tits pressed right into his back. He looked down at her tan legs, wondering what she would be like.

With the whites buzzing in their heads and the highway howling in their ears, they blew right on across the Panhandle with no hassles from the law. A hailstorm just east of Amarillo gave them a hell of a ride. The chick was righteous; she seemed to dig riding in the foul conditions. Willie turned on the cassette player that he had rigged to his bike, put on the earphones and dug on

the sound of "Riding the Storm Out"—his favorite song for that kind of weather.

He smiled, thinking how quickly things had turned around. *That's the way life is*, Willie said to himself. *If you keep on down the highway, there's always something shakin' that's worth bakin'.* Crossing the state line into Oklahoma, "Born to Be Wild" came on the cassette, and he knew this was gonna be one hell of a good visit home.

Willie pulled over at the first rest stop and headed for the nearest tree that needed watering. Stretching and looking up at the star-filled sky, he filled his lungs with the cool fresh air that smelled of fresh-cut hay. Before long, the chick came out of the ladies room and handed him a fat joint.

"My name is Swallow Capistrano," she said. "I'm on my way to Northeast Oklahoma, around Grand Lake of the Cherokees. You know where that is?"

"Yes, m'am, I sure as hell do know where Grand Lake is," Willie replied. "I was raised around there, but I ain't been back since I left for Nam. The way I hear it, though, things haven't changed any and probably never will. Them old hard-shelled Baptists and poor-dirt farmers are still about a century behind the times and proud of it too. The town wouldn't even allow a prom dance at the high school. Said dancing was sinful."

Pausing to light up and let out his toke of sweet-tasting rich smoke, he felt a rush like a flash of lightning. He coughed as his lungs nearly turned inside out.

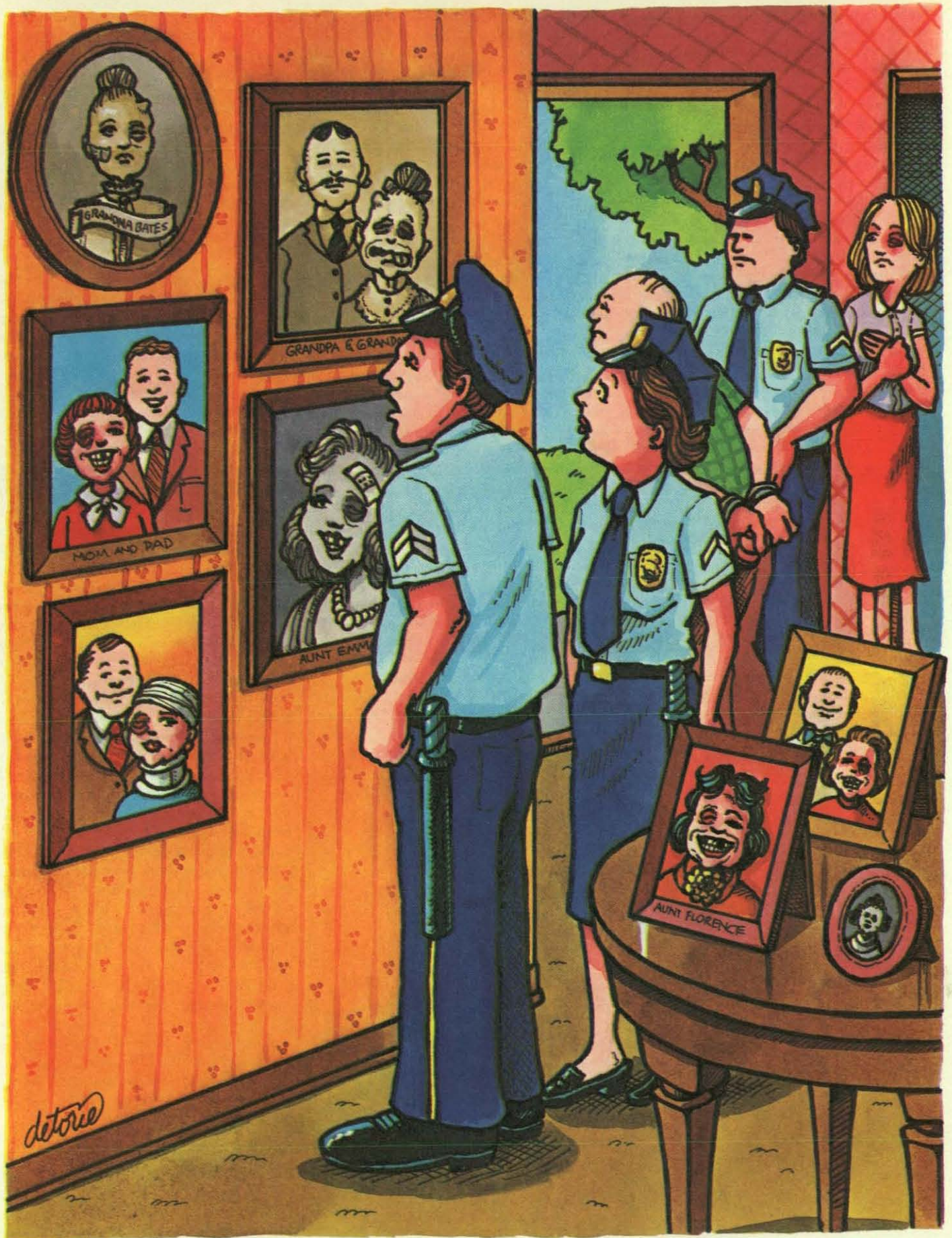
"That is some fine shit you got there, lady," Willie said. "Tastes like some fine Maui Wowee." He coughed again and spit up a big hawker. "Only reason I'm going back now is to see my poor old sick mama again. But what I can't understand is why a fox like you would want to go there at all. Shee-it, if the preachers don't run you out of town, the womenfolk will probably tar and feather you."

Swallow took a toke of her own and stared up at the sky while she held the smoke in her lungs. Then she let it roll out of her mouth and French-inhaled the smoke again through her nose. The way she looked at him as she did that was the sexiest thing Willie had ever seen.

"I'm going to buy a farm there to be a center for my Love Will Save the World Crusade," she said, as if that explained everything.

Willie was pretty turned on by this time; so he didn't bother to ask any questions. He just reached over and pulled Swallow to him, kissing her luscious lips. She retaliated by reaching





"Yep, it looks like another family with a history of wife abuse."

in his jeans and grabbing his already-hard cock.

Without a word they wriggled out of their clothes and lay on the ground in a fierce and passionate embrace. Their lips locked together, and his tongue probed deeper into her mouth and hers into his as they rolled over and over in the grass. Swallow grasped one of his balls in each hand, massaging them gently, and then ran her fingers delicately up and down his throbbing prick.

Willie began tickling her asshole with a blade of grass until she let out a shriek and bit hard into his shoulder. She squeezed him with all her strength as a series of orgasms made her fine, soft body hair stand up and tingle with an electric current. The musky scent of her vaginal juices filled his nostrils as he went down on her. Swallow lay back, her eyes glazed, groaning, and thrusting her crotch into his face. Willie lapped away like a hound dog at supper. She grabbed his hair and pushed his face into her cunt as she climaxed again.

After a while Willie raised his head and began to kiss his way up her body, giving each of her tits a thorough sucking while he rubbed her wet cunt—stopping now and then to cup the whole hairy thing in his hand like some goody from the bakery. When he inserted his finger and began to massage her clit, she went wild, moaning and snarling in what sounded like gibberish, making animal noises deep in her throat. She grabbed his prick with both hands and rammed it deeply inside herself. As Willie worked it in and out, her eyes were

closed, and she seemed to be humming.

Soon Swallow began to croon his name in rhythm to the fucking. "Wet Willie, Wet Willie," she sighed as she kissed and licked his face. "Oh, Willie." Then she gave a quick shudder and pushed her cunt up at him. Willie was pumping like an oil well on speed.

"Heaven have mercy, I'm a-comin' home," he hollered as they exploded together in one gigantic orgasm.

Traveling the next day was slower because they stopped at every roadside rest area to smoke and get to know each other better. It turned out that Swallow was a rich heiress worth millions. She said she'd gone to college somewhere out West and gotten a degree in communications or something. After that she'd worked as a TV cameraman for one of those educational stations in L.A. But she couldn't hack the 9 to 5 anymore or the smog or the traffic. That's why she was trying to put as much distance as possible between herself and the way folks lived in California.

About midnight they pulled off Interstate 44 and headed for Groove, Oklahoma, where most of the resorts were. They stopped at a real fancy and expensive-looking new hotel that had gone up since Willie left. Swallow had \$3,000 cash and every kind of credit card they made, and that's where she wanted to stay—the Lost Horizon Resort.

"We want the best room you have," she told the pansy desk clerk. "A honeymoon suite if you have one."

The little fruit fidgeted around and

tried to tell them there was no vacancy. Wet Willie looked out at the parking lot, which was nearly empty. Putting his face right up in the clerk's, he said, "You mean to tell me you don't have a room for me and this little lady here? Is that what you are saying to me?" Willie had always found that putting things on a personal basis made it a lot simpler.

The clerk nearly swallowed his Adam's apple before he could say, "Let me check again, sir."

"You do that, citizen," said Wet Willie.

"Oh, dear me," said the fruitfly, "we did just get in a late cancellation. We have one of the four-bedroom condominiums available for \$250 per night. You can have that if you like. Of course, since you're not members here, you'll have to pay in advance."

Willie was about to reach over the counter and grab him when Swallow whipped out a wad of cash and said that would be just fine. "Have them send over a tin of the best caviar and a bottle of Dom Perignon," she told the clerk.

When the bellboy arrived at their quarters with the food and champagne, he also had some grass for sale. Swallow bought an ounce of sinsemilla, which gave Willie some fleeting thoughts about California. They each did a couple of numbers before getting into the Jacuzzi. The weed and the hot bubbling water made them both horny.

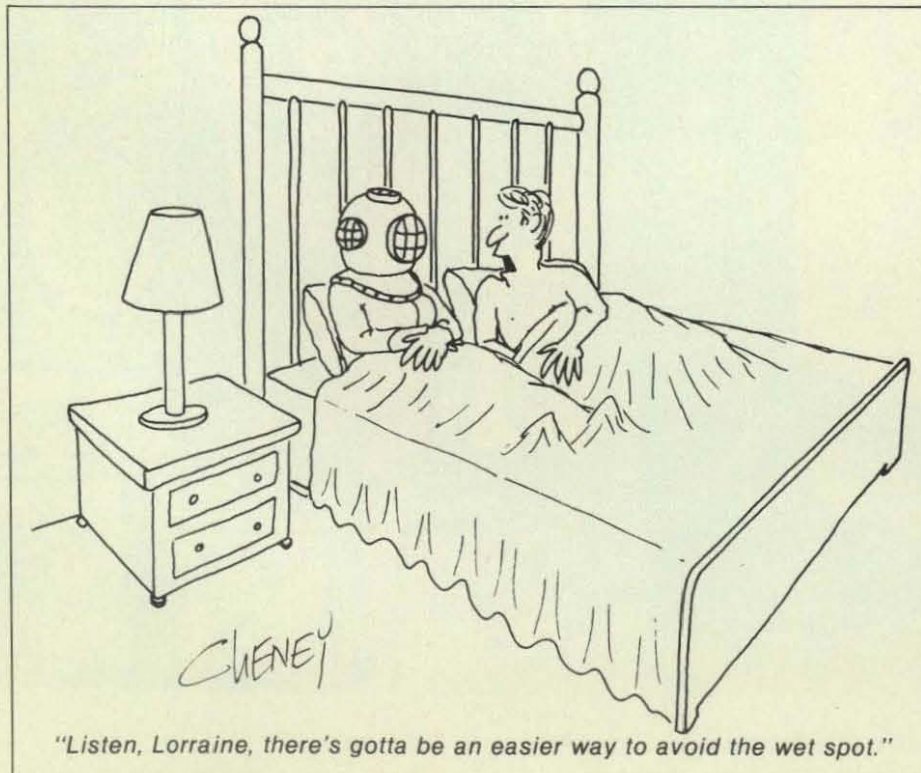
Before long, Willie came around Swallow from behind, cupping a hand around each of her breasts as he entered her. She moaned softly and began to raise and lower herself on his stiff prick. Then she twisted her body from side to side at the same time, riding that shaft from all angles.

After what seemed like an hour Willie grabbed her around the waist and pulled her tightly against him. He thrust upward, penetrating deep into her uterus, feeling like warm juicy flower petals had closed over his cock. "Fuck me, fuck me," Swallow screamed. "Oh, drive it home, Willie." He exploded in a violent orgasm, and she collapsed back on top of him.

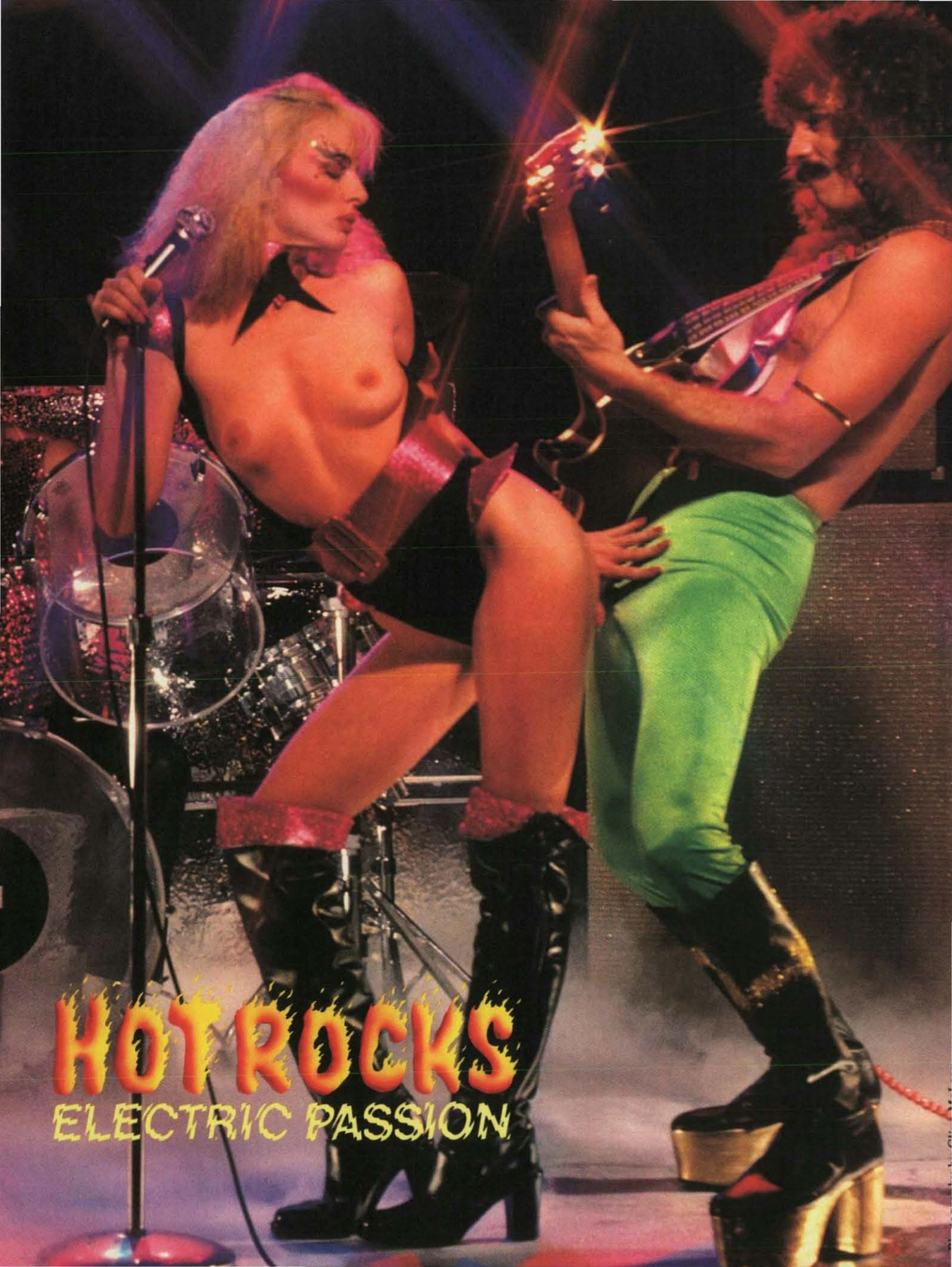
As they sat back in the Jacuzzi to drink some more champagne and relax a bit, Swallow had a serene smile on her face. She was humming softly, and her face seemed to glow.

When they got out and dried off, Willie rolled a couple of huge joints, and they smoked on the king-size waterbed before dozing off. He was awakened at dawn by the sensation of Swallow giving him head, just licking and nibbling around. He looked down with a smile as he reached up and fondled one of her tits.

(continued on page 102)

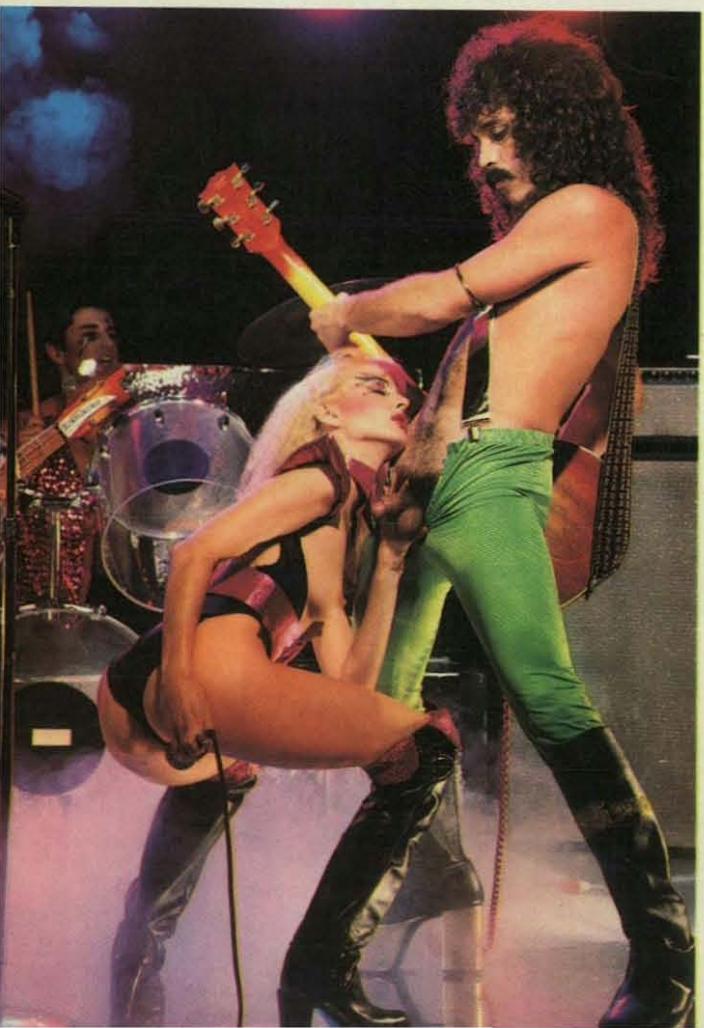
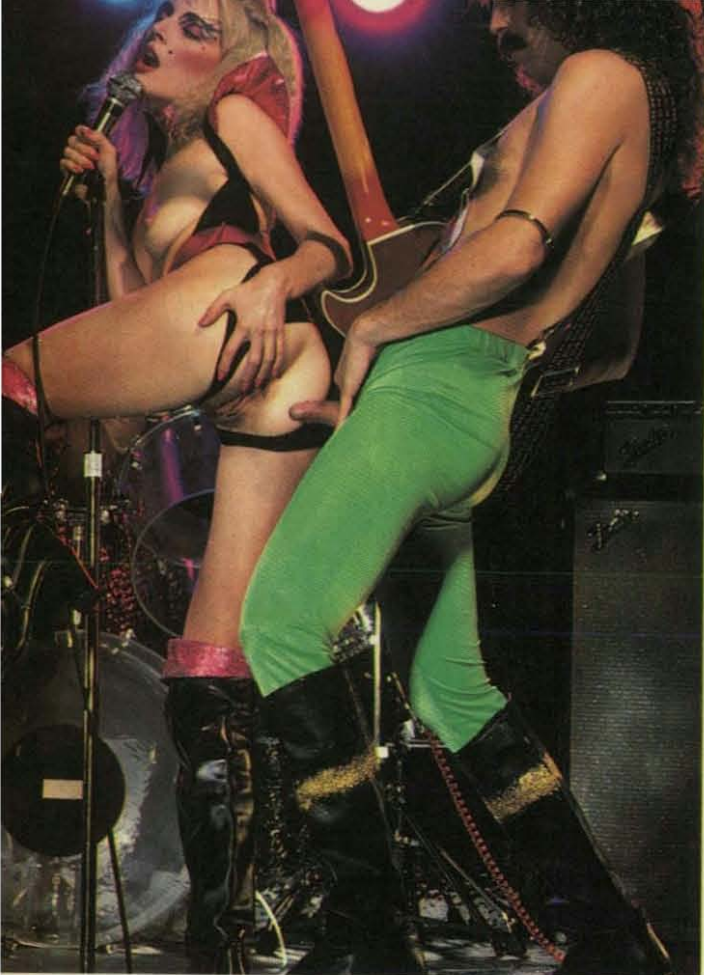


"Listen, Lorraine, there's gotta be an easier way to avoid the wet spot."



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WET WILLIE

(continued from page 96)

"Just lay back and enjoy," she said, taking his whole prick in her mouth and moving up and down on it a couple of times. "Now I'm going to show you why they call me Swallow."

She started sucking him with her lips pursed tightly around his cock as she went up and down on the shaft—very slowly at first, then very fast and then slow again. Once when he was about to come, she grabbed his cock at the base and squeezed until the urgency subsided. Willie was going nuts.

When Swallow expertly slid her tongue over his prick, Willie's erection began throbbing with such intensity that it felt like it would explode. A spurt of semen shot out as she licked his balls. Willie closed his eyes, thinking of the artillery fire he had heard in Nam. He pictured his prick like a cannon, firing repeatedly.

"Oh, no, don't waste it," Swallow purred, taking the cum in her mouth and coughing a little as she gulped down the hot liquid. She grabbed the base of his cock again, slowing down the pulsations as she worked it deeper and deeper into her mouth, until it felt like he was hitting her tonsils.

"They sure named you right," Willie murmured.

When the two of them weren't busy in bed, they checked out for chow in the Lost Horizon's four different dining rooms. For a raggedy-ass country boy and biker outlaw like Wet Willie, everything was an eye-opener. He got a laugh out of the way the waiter had a shit-fit when he asked for more gravy on his steak. "That's not gravy, sir. That is Bernaise Sauce," he said.

"I don't give a damn if it's duck soup," said Willie. "Just bring me a bowl of it."

On Friday night they made reservations at the fancy dress ballroom for dinner. Swallow decided to wear a micro-mini that showed everything worth seeing, and Willie had on his Desperado leathers. But when they arrived at the Bali Hai Ballroom, the pansy at the door had the nerve to tell them they weren't dressed properly.

"What's wrong?" Willie asked. "Aren't we formal enough?"

"I'm sorry, sir, you must have a tie."

When they returned with Willie wearing a bandana for a tie, the stuffed-shirt citizens and their rich-bitch ladies had their asses in an uproar. Pretty soon the security guard was there, and before long the deputy sheriff. Wet Willie couldn't believe his eyes. Johnny

Woods, his best friend from school and the hell-raisingest dude in the Tri-State region, was wearing a deputy's badge.

"You old son of a buck," said Johnny, pulling him out in the hall. "What are you doing here?"

"I come to see my mama. She's been sick lately," Willie replied. "But what in the hell are you doing with that uniform, old buddy? Seems you and me spent a lot of time as kids running from the law, and now you done up and joined."

"Well, it beats working in the chicken plant like my seven brothers. And they give me a big old Harley to patrol on too. It really ain't so bad. We don't mess with folks like they do in the big cities. Besides, I got six kids and another on the way. And this is the best-paying job an ol' boy like me can expect to get around here."

"Yeah," said Willie, "I guess it ain't easy to be a citizen."

"Do you think you could just leave kinda quiet like, as a favor to an old buddy?" Johnny leaned over and whispered. "The owner of the place called Sheriff Little. This man has the biggest payroll in the county, and what he wants, he gets. He practically bought Little's way into office. If you don't go peaceful, we got to take you to jail. The Highway Patrol is already on the way with their riot-control gear."

"Okay, Johnny, I'll do it for old time's sake. But you owe me one."

Walking back to the condo, Willie remembered why he'd been so happy to get out of Arkoma County, and why he'd never returned until now. "Something's bothering you," Swallow said, looking him in the eyes. "I had a dream last night that tells me you're in some kind of trouble. You didn't come here just to see your mother. My dreams are always right."

"You're right, Swallow," he admitted. "You see, I had some troubles in California, and I came back here to cool out." He went on to tell her the whole story.

The word was out on the street that Rankly Rotten Richard had put out an open contract on him when Willie didn't show up with five kilos of Acapulco Gold he'd been sent to bring back from Ensenada, Mexico. The pickup had gone smooth enough. An old Mexican had delivered the grass, and Willie stashed it in the two leather saddlebags and the hollow spot of his bike's banana seat. Arriving at the border, however, he noticed two men hiding behind the mesquite bushes on the American side—a setup for sure. When Willie visualized himself going to jail and the snitch-dealer getting the weed back to sell

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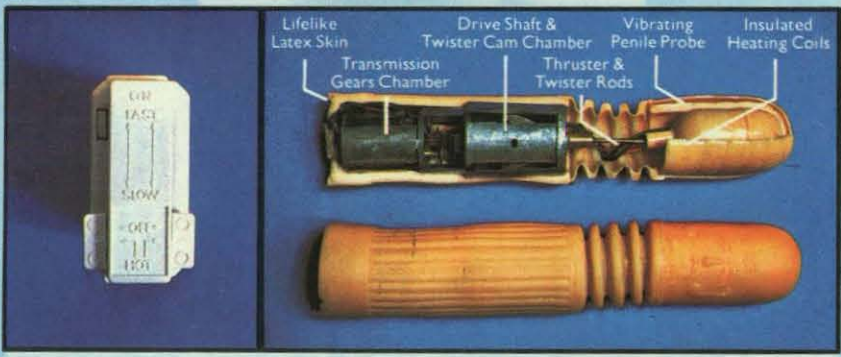
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again, he was so mad, he decided to go back to Ensenada and tell off the old man.

Along the way his curiosity got the best of him, and he opened up a kilo to check the quality. One joint led to another and another. He must have done up an ounce when the buzzing of the grass and the rumblings of his customized machine made him feel as horny as ten motherfuckers.

That's when Willie decided to cruise the beach and spotted this chick with no top and a little spring bikini bottom with hair down to her ass. What followed was one hellacious week of toking and fucking around the clock. They smoked that Acapulco Gold like a couple of vacuum cleaners. They ate it in tacos and mixed it in Tequila Sunrises. She even brushed her teeth with it one day. They got crazy as hell, riding his motorcycle bare-assed naked out in the moonlight. By the time the *Federales* kicked in the door to arrest them, there was only half a kilo left.

The chick had more than enough money on her to bribe the pigs and catch a plane home. Willie had barely enough to make it to the house of an old Nam buddy in San Diego. A contract for the bungled weed deal was already out on his ass, along with two warrants from San Francisco. So that's why he really decided it would be a good time to go see his old mama back home in Sow's Rest City, Oklahoma.

"You mean that's all that's bothering you?" Swallow laughed. "Anything that money can handle is no problem for me. I'll give you whatever you need to pay off Rankly Rotten Richard and take care of the legal problems. You'll be free to do what you want again. That's the way life is supposed to be. That's also the whole idea of my Love Crusade."

"And what'll you expect from me?" asked Wet Willie. "What's in it for you?"

"You just be you, that's all," she answered, turning the key to their rooms.

"Well, I'll stay around awhile and help you find your farm," Willie promised. "Show you the ropes so these locals don't chew you up and spit you out like a plug of old tobacco. But I still don't understand why, of all the places in the world, you picked Arkoma County to set up your cockeyed hippie crusade. They don't like your kind here."

"It's because of my dream," said Swallow as she pulled him on top of her on the bed. Willie responded by kissing her on the mouth and all over her face, working his way down along her neck so he could fondle her tits. Pushing them together, he vainly tried to get both in his mouth at the same time. The fine soft

hair on Swallow's stomach and thighs began tingling, and goosebumps appeared all over her body as she shuddered and trembled.

Willie was running the tip of his prick around the entrance to her cunt, teasing her clit a little, poking around in her pubic hair. Then he turned her around so she was on her hands and knees, and he mounted her from the back, doggy-style. She backed up, working his prick against her loins before Willie raised up and plunged into her.

"Sock it to me, you big dog!" she cried. Willie pumped faster and faster, howling like a coyote while Swallow made little barking sounds. She shook and shuddered as several orgasms wracked her body. When Willie finally shot his bolt of hot sperm deep into her, they collapsed on the bed, sweating and panting.

By morning, Willie had sent enough money out to California to cover everything. For the next week he hung around and helped Swallow locate the acreage she wanted—the Old Triple C place, near the county line. Soon hippies were drifting in from both coasts every day, and Willie took his pick of the chicks.

At first he only stayed for the abundant ladies and dope. But after a while he grew to like the crazy city kids who came there hoping to build their own world. As far as survival, though, they didn't know their ass from a hole in the ground. Willie had to teach them everything from cutting wood and putting up fences to handling the local rednecks.

Occasionally he'd make a dope run to Laredo or Brownsville; but other than that his bike was gathering dust in the barn. He began getting itchy to go on a run with the Desperadoes. There was nothing like the feeling of putting it in the wind with your colors flying and the citizens stepping back in fear and respect. A machine like the Beast belonged at the front of a pack of roaring, gleaming choppers rolling down the open highway.

The big celebration planned for the Fourth of July at the Love Crusade Ranch offered the ideal opportunity. Swallow and her hippie followers seemed to think some kind of major change in the world was going to begin on that day. So Willie wired the Desperadoes to come on by, party and then make a run back through Oklahoma and North Texas.

About noon on the fourth, Willie returned with a new supply of grass. One of the main hippies of the ranch—Arnie Rogers—was making up what

(continued on page 112)

London University "Crash-Loss" Wonder Diet...

Burns Away More Body Fat Each Day Than 15 Hours Of Non-Stop Exercise!

Shrinks Down Your Waistline As Much As A FULL SIZE SMALLER IN JUST 24 HOURS... 4 SIZES SMALLER IN JUST 14 DAYS!

YOU ACTUALLY SHRINK YOUR BODY'S FAT CELLS STARTING IN JUST HOURS!

What you see on this page is news of a fantastic crash loss program—the remarkable London University super slim-down diet—that speeds up your body's rate of fat burn-off so that, IN JUST A MATTER OF HOURS, you start to burn away clinging layers of fat... break down bulging pockets of flab... drain away excess puffy fluid, just like hot water melts down ice... so that, in just the first 48 hours, excess flab, fluid and fat gets melted away at such a staggering rate of speed you:

**LOSE up to 1 lb. EVERY 8 to 12 HOURS
LOSE up to 1½ to 2 lbs. EACH DAY!**

Yes, lose weight by the hour, carve away inches by the week and as stated above, and we feel compelled to repeat... shrink down as much as 4 sizes smaller IN JUST 14 DAYS!

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL LOSES 10 POUNDS IN JUST 72 HOURS—

So effectively does this London University's wonder "crash-loss" diet step up your system's rate of fat burn-off, that:

■ When tested at one of medical science's foremost research centers on scores of grossly overweight men and women... they lost as much as 7 lbs. of excess fat, flab and fluid IN JUST THE FIRST 72 HOURS ALONE... and as much as another 3-5—even 7 POUNDS MORE the next 14 days!

■ Even more amazing... when tested not on ordinary overweight people but on the most extreme cases of obesity... IT EVAPORATED up to 10 POUNDS OF FAT, FLUID AND FLAB IN JUST 3 DAYS TIME!

AS MUCH AS 50% OF ALL EXCESS WEIGHT GONE IN JUST 14 DAYS!

■ But most mind boggling of all... when tested on average overweight people... who for years lugged around a "spare tire" bulge of 10, 15 or even 20 extra sagging pounds... IT ACTUALLY MELTED AWAY AS MUCH AS 50% OF ALL EXCESS WEIGHT IN JUST 14 DAYS!

Yes, stepped up their body's rate of fat burn-off and melted away hard set fat with OVER 20 TIMES THE SPEED OF EVEN BRUTAL EXERCISE!

URNS YOUR ENTIRE BODY

INTO A SUPER FAT-BURNING FURNACE!

In fact, based upon Calorie Burn-Off Research From California's Leading Medical School, the calorie-deficit created in your system by this "crash-loss" high-burn program, (a staggering deficit of as much as 2,400 calories a day off required daily intake) works with such breathtaking speed you actually:

BURN AWAY MORE FAT EACH DAY than

- Running 100 Miles A Week
- or—over 3,000 sit-ups and push-ups a day
- or—10 Solid Hours of Weight-lift workouts
- or—even 15 hours of non-stop Marine Corps calisthenics!

WAKE UP SLIMMER THE VERY FIRST MORNING!

What is this amazing fat-destroyer wonder program that helps to burn away fat by the hour—carve away inches by the week?

Briefly stated... it is London University's crash-

burn diet, a remarkably simple way to take special combinations of high-burn foods and create what doctors call a "hypocaloric effect" to take place inside their bodies... that turns their system into a GIANT FAT BURNING MACHINE! Yes, actually reverses your body's fat build-up process as you COMPLETELY STOP EXCESS fat-builder calories from entering your system... or being absorbed by your body and turned into fat like in the past! So obviously, down go the calories, up goes the rate of fat-burn-off and off come the pounds and inches at a rate that absolutely staggers the imagination!

Yes, a TOTAL FAT-DESTROYER program that literally "ignites" a fat-burning chain-reaction inside your system... 'revs up' your body's rate of fat burn-off... and ACTUALLY SHRINKS YOUR BODY'S FAT CELLS starting in just hours.

Think of it! With each tick of the clock, your body burns away a steady flow of fat-builder calories... melts down even the most stubborn fatty bulges... so you lose weight like never before... LOSE IT BY THE HOUR... all starting the very first day. In fact, of all medically sound reducing programs, ONLY TOTAL STARVATION WORKS FASTER!

Because, quite obviously... since this London University ALL OUT ASSAULT ON FAT lowers your system's rate of calorie intake... raises the level of calorie burn-off... 'revs-up' that rate of body-fat burn-off... pounds and inches vanish at a rate that in plain simple talk is ABSOLUTELY MIND BLOWING!

World's Leading Medical Authority on Obesity Reports:

'...as much as 50% of all excess fat gone in just 14 days.'

AMAZING "FURNACE-IN-A-CAPSULE" HELPS TRIGGER THE MOST DYNAMITE FAT-BURN SPREE OF YOUR LIFE!

Now comes the most exciting news of all. Because, now from London, England comes the thrilling announcement and release to the American public of a wondrous reducing-aid formula that not only works before meals to reduce hunger, but after meals supplements this London University "crash-loss" diet and helps you keep the fat-burning chain-reaction going in your body non-stop all day long.

Called "BIO-THENE/100," these amazing time-release capsules work in your body from morning 'til night to help you lose weight with a 2-stage all-out attack.

STAGE 1: Turns off your hunger drive... that maddening urge to eat, just like you turn off a light switch. Makes it easier to lower calorie intake.

STAGE 2: Throughout the day, releases into your system tiny grains of a special bio-extract that safely, surely, TURNS UP the level of your fat-burning metabolism after every time food enters your body on this London University wonder diet program.

Meaning the food you take in, the calories you enjoy are burned away even more quickly by your own stepped-up metabolic system. Yes, metabolized and oxidized in as little as 2 to 3 hours after eating!

THE FOOD YOU EAT NO LONGER TURNS TO FAT!

So, obviously, since it takes far less food to satisfy you, lowering calories is a lark. And since the calories you do take in on this "crash-loss" diet program are burned right out of your body after every time you eat... you start to TURN SLIMMER, not only the very first day... BUT—after the very first meal—and every meal thereafter! as excess fat and fluid start to disappear—GET OXIDIZED BY THE HOUR!

In fact, of all medically sound reducing programs
ONLY TOTAL STARVATION WORKS FASTER!



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EVERY LOST INCH—ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK

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- 6 INCHES OFF YOUR STOMACH... ANOTHER
- 6 INCHES OFF YOUR WAISTLINE!

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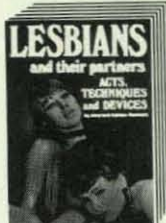
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Beaver Hunt

June's here, and it's time for your Beaver to *bust out* of her jeans for *Beaver Hunt*. Let the summer sun brighten your snapshots, and 50 bucks brighten your day, by sending us a winner. Plus there's always the chance your Beaver will be selected for an extended photo-feature at professional-model's rates. All photographs submitted become the nonre-

turnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model-release form on page 112, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your \$50.

Photo by Billy Brown



Dayton, Ohio, is home for Martha Brown, a 25-year-old nude dancer who enjoys sewing and taking care of her family. She's already fulfilled all of her sexual fantasies.

Photo by Carol



A dancer from Hollywood, Florida, 27-year-old Carol enjoys spending money, taking photos and watching TV soap operas. She fantasizes about "getting off in a hot tub with two guys."

Photo by Husband



Nineteen-year-old Joyce, a waitress from St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada, likes to ride horses and dance. Her sexual fantasy is to make "mad passionate love" to TV actor Jack Lord.

A 32-year-old factory worker from Commerce City, Colorado, Gina lists her hobbies as sex and painting. She fantasizes about making it with Neil Diamond.

Photo by Sean M.



Photo by Boyfriend



Margaret P., 23, hails from Oceanside, California, where she's a waitress. She enjoys "war gaming" and motorcycle riding, and her fantasy is to make it with her boyfriend and one other woman.

Photo by Tracy Thomas



Ballsie Bernie is a bear cub from San Diego who likes eating honey pies and fishing. His fantasy is to make it with Honeypot (*Beaver Hunt*, October 1980) in full view of a crowded tour bus.

Daran is a 24-year-old exotic dancer from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, who enjoys home decorating. Her fantasy is to shop for shoes while wearing a dress, but no panties.



Photo by Vaughn

Photo by Husband



Nancy, 24, works as a dental technician in Kansas City, Missouri, where she likes to knit, cook and listen to rock 'n' roll. Her now-fulfilled dream is appearing in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt*.



Photo by Johnnie Hall



Twenty-seven-year-old L. D., a housewife from Tampa, Florida, likes nude sunbathing and riding horses. Her fantasy is "to make love on the deck of a sailboat in the Bahamas."

Dancing, getting high and watching TV are hobbies of Mary Meade, a 26-year-old homemaker from Omaha, Nebraska. She dreams about getting it on with another woman, or with "a few men at one time."

Photo by F. S.

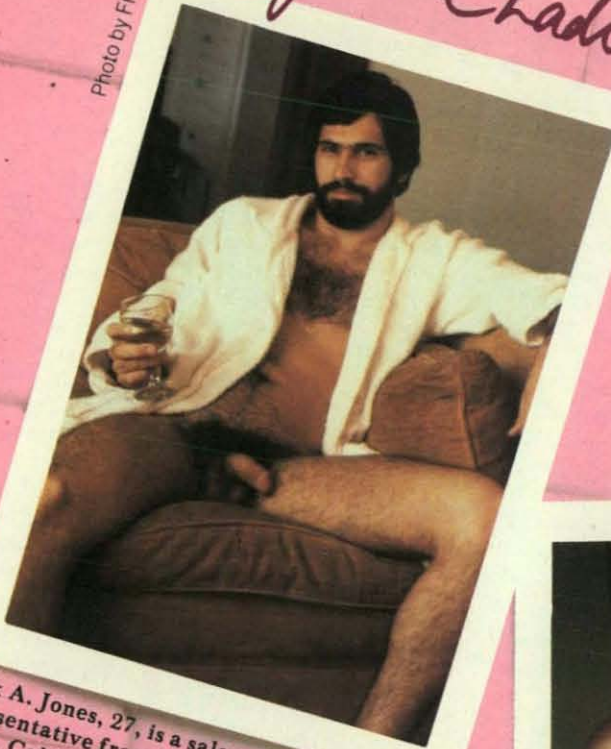


Photo by L. D.



A 20-year-old hairstylist from Norwalk, California, Lisa Faye likes to ski, jog and ride horses. She dreams of "being with somebody I really care for and doing whatever feels right."

Photo by Friend



Mark A. Jones, 27, is a sales representative from Long Beach, California, who enjoys scuba diving and muff diving. His dream is "to make love with six women in the desert."

Photo by C. R. U.



Midland, Texas, is where you'll find Carla, an 18-year-old hospital orderly who likes to drive and play foosball. Her special dream is "having sex with women and making sure they're satisfied."

Pleasing men and erotic dancing are favorite pastimes of Patricia L., a 33-year-old escort from Bangor, Pennsylvania. Her fantasy is to star in an X-rated movie with actress Jesie St. James.



Photo by David L.



HUSTLER®

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see page 107. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067.

Please Print

Model's Name/Name to be published

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

Send prize to:

☐ Model ☐ Other

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature

Date

Model's Social Security Number

WET WILLIE

(continued from page 104)

they called Joy Juice in a big ten-gallon crock. The concoction started with apple juice, wine and fresh fruits for a base. Then Arnie threw in buckets of organic mountain moonshine that could knock your socks off.

Mixing the Joy Juice with a broom handle, people tasted as they stirred. Before too long the early arrivals were in another galaxy, rolling around, giggling and talking in languages only they seemed to understand.

Willie vowed just to smoke for the first few hours. He wanted to ball all the new chicks before he got really wasted. Spotting four foxy bitches arriving on the dirt road, he offered them a gallon pitcher of Joy Juice before they could even get out of their flower-painted van.

"Welcome to the party, ladies," he said. "This punch'll cool you off after a hot journey. Then I'm gonna show you the coolest, clearest skinny-dipping creek in the whole world."

They had driven down from a girls boarding school in Colorado and were riper than peaches in July. By the time he maneuvered the van down to the creek, the Joy Juice was working real fine, and the chicks were more than ready to party. The only problem was how to keep them all busy.

Willie began with Penny, a tiny brunette with curly ringlets and a spaced-out smile, who was reading his tattoos. He manipulated her hand to trace the outlines of the rose on his shoulder. "Oh, look, girls," she said. "This guy has a regular art gallery here." The others gathered round to admire.

From there it was downhill all the way to Tulsa. Grasping Sue Ann's hand—she was a big buxom gal from Texas—he could feel the electricity flow. Sue Ann threw her arms around him and gave him a real tongue kissing right away. Willie started to remove her halter top with one hand while he stroked Penny's ass.

"Let's get it on," said Janet, a surfer type with big tits and a California tan, reaching into the van's glove compartment for a joint. "Orgy time for sure. We've been up at that boarding school so long, even the old custodian was starting to look good."

"He was good," said Debbie, a tall, willowy brunette. "But this dude here looks a whole hell of a lot better. Let me in there," she said as she started pulling Willie's pants off. Pretty soon they were all naked, and the biker was moving around trying to keep the four foxy little bitches going. He rammed his cock into Penny first, while kissing Janet and

fingering the other two. Then he went down on Sue Ann while Debbie gave him deep-throat. Penny and Debbie got out some cordless vibrators and began to do themselves with one hand while they stroked Willie with the other.

After a while he developed a rotation. He fucked one while he sucked another and fingered the other two. They all seemed happy with the arrangement. Willie lost track of how many times he climaxed. But he knew one thing for sure—his cock was starting to get sore.

Two hours later the rest of the party moved down the hill to join them. Arnie Rogers brought the ten-gallon crock of punch on an old wagon he'd harnessed to his Volkswagen, stopping just short of the swimming hole. "Look out, ladies, reinforcements have arrived," he said, pulling off his shorts as he entered the van.

Willie went outside for a breather and ran into the chick who called herself Ninah Carolina. By the time he had showed her how to use a wineskin she'd filled with Joy Juice—in exchange for a supply of Fourth of July firecrackers and rockets—he'd swallowed almost a quart of the punch. He was getting off like a rocket too.

The rest of the day passed like a dream sequence in some weird foreign movie. When Willie began to come down and feel like he was back in his body, he found himself 50 feet above the swimming hole, in the treehouse with Swallow, who was explaining some Oriental sex technique.

"It's called Tantric Yoga," she said. "It's a way of going to higher planes of consciousness through the doorway of the body."

She showed him how to sit, cross-legged like some Indian swami. Then she sat over him and guided his prick inside her. "Now, we don't do a lot of pumping and humping," Swallow said. "Try to sit still and remain calm. It takes some time to go beyond the mere physical part. Close your eyes and imagine our two beings uniting at the point where vagina and penis are joined, where yin meets yang."

Willie did as she asked. His mind seemed to flow into his prick and out of the tip into her. She mumbled some kind of chant as he began moving inside her vagina. All kinds of strange squeezings and movements seemed to be grabbing at his cock, massaging it, drawing it in and out, around and around. It felt as if hundreds of little creatures were walking on its head. Opening his eyes for a moment, Willie felt like he'd been off in another world. He hated to think he'd soon have to go back to California.

(continued on page 126)

My name is Mona, and I've been selling my beautiful ass to the rich and famous for the past five years. Of course, there may be jobs that pay more than hooking, but at \$500 a trick I can't complain. I drive a Mercedes 450SL, live in a Beverly Hills penthouse, sleep until noon and fuck all night. I've had some incredibly erotic experiences, but none compares to a night I spent with a very special guy a few months ago.

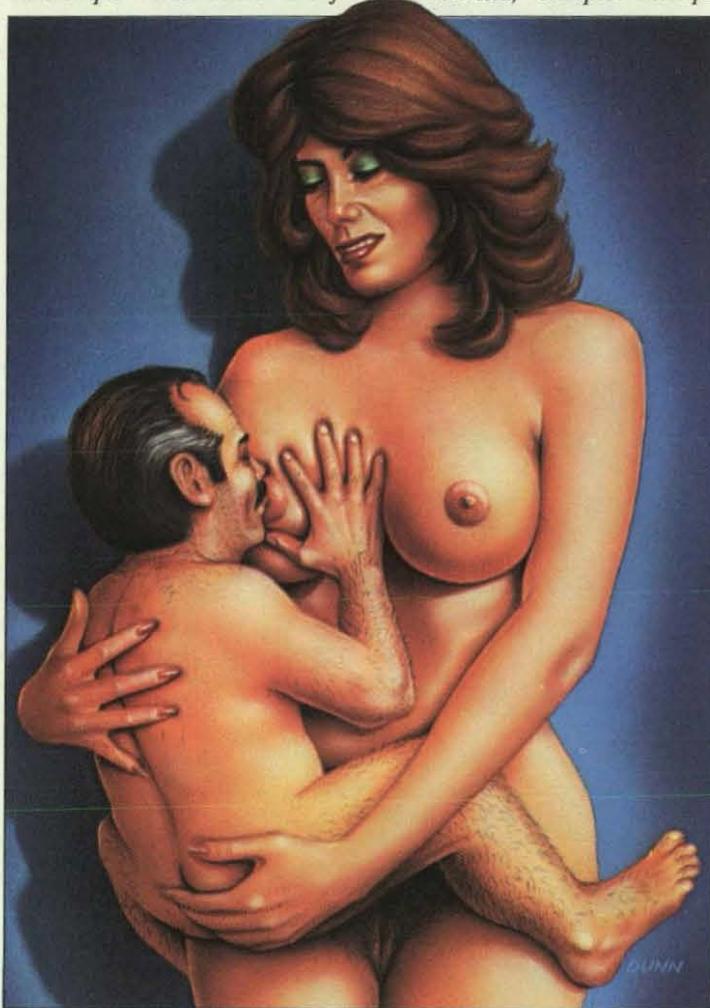
That unseasonably warm March evening, as I slipped into my "work" clothes of crotchless panties, black-lace garters and hose, high-heeled snakeskin boots, and a skirt so tight you could see the freckles on my ass, I thought about the strange smile on my girlfriend's face. She'd asked me to fill in for her with a client who, she said, was really "different." My curiosity was aroused, and my crotch began to throb in anticipation. I needed something different.

At the ripe old age of 23, I had gathered an impressive list of clients. There was a macho quarterback who once fucked me before and after the Super Bowl, and a senator who a couple of years ago flew me to Washington and missed a key vote on national defense because he was balling me in a cloakroom. I've even given enemas to one of the world's richest men. But not one of those famous and powerful men was really able to juice up my cunt anymore.

I drove to the address my friend had given me—a spectacular house in the Hollywood Hills. As I rang the bell, I noticed the doorknob was nearly two feet lower than normal. When the butler led me in, I had to stoop to avoid banging my head on the door frame. With great formality I was directed to the "pleasure chamber," a large, richly decorated room, and I was told that a Mr. Johnson would join me shortly.

I admired the collection of erotic art lining the walls and slowly ran my fingers over the fur covers on the four-poster bed, which dominated the room.

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



A LITTLE LUST

by Mona

Just when I was about to sit in one of the antique chairs, I realized that except for the bed, all the furniture was scaled down to half-size, as if I were in an elegant dollhouse.

I tried squeezing my ass into one of the chairs and practically tumbled over. Suddenly the chamber door opened. A friendly voice welcomed me to "Munchkinland," but I didn't see anyone. I jumped up in surprise, and the tiny chair stuck to my bottom like a leech.

The voice directed me to turn my gaze downward, and what I saw startled me—a man, all of three feet tall, wearing a fine silk bathrobe. He was quite a sight, but so was I with that little chair

stuck to me. I must have looked really stupid as I stood there stammering to say something that wouldn't offend him. His lack of self-consciousness and his warm smile, though, began to put me at ease. Gallantly he offered to help me off with my chair. He was kind of cute, and I relaxed a bit.

Mr. Johnson removed the chair from my butt with a tug surprisingly powerful for such a little man. His hands gently examined the curves of my ass as if he were checking expensive porcelain for unseen damage. His touch was firm and sensual. As he ran his fingers down the backs of my thighs, he assured me his diminutive stature would hold some erotic surprises. With that, he squeezed his entire body under my tight skirt.

We were a perfect match. The little man's mouth was at the exact height of my clitoris. I spread my legs to accommodate his eager tongue as it darted into the dark reaches of my cunt. He seemed to know my pleasure spots instinctively, and his lips, teeth and tongue worked like a well-oiled bliss machine as my body swelled with passion.

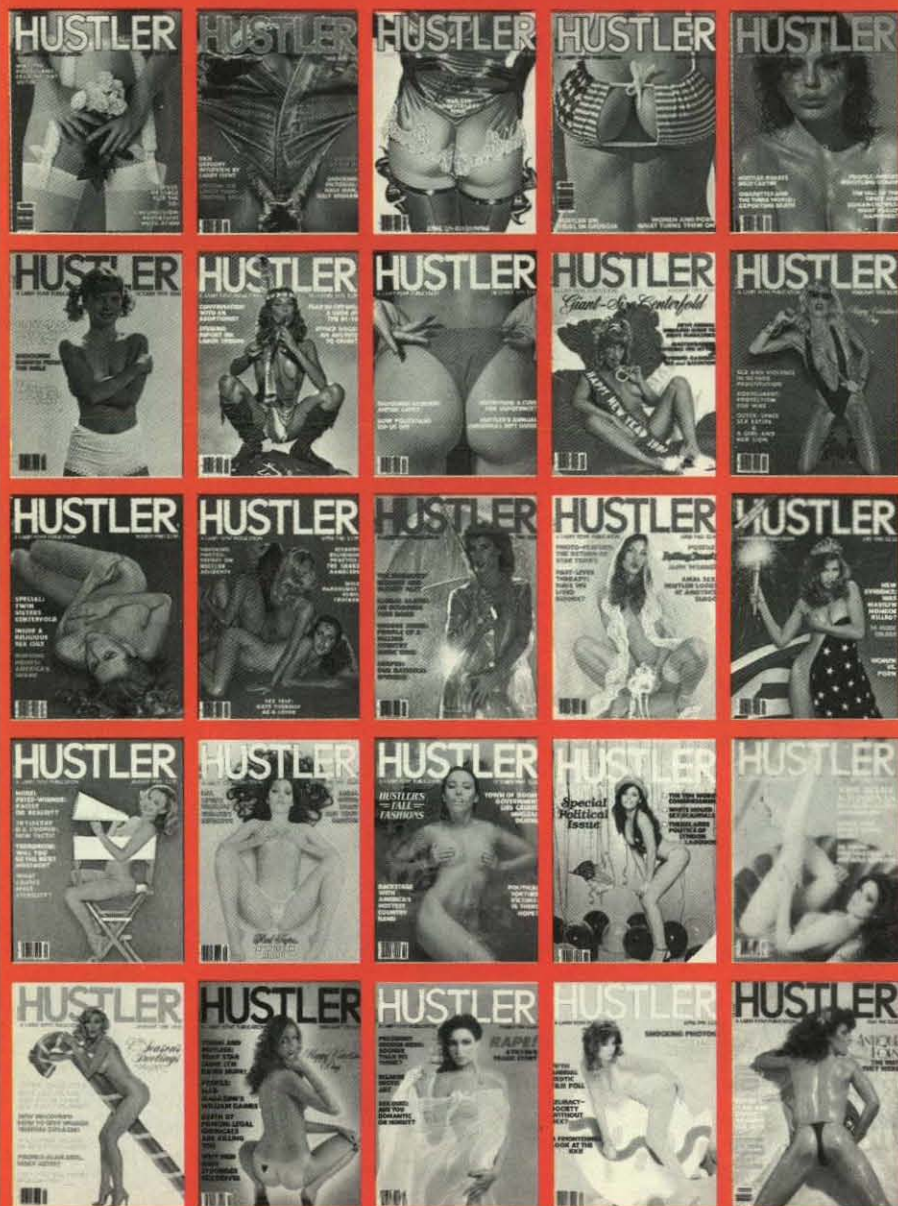
I'm sure it must have been quite a sight—four legs under one skirt—but appearances were the farthest thing from my mind as I exploded into orgasm. I was trembling with desire as my host slipped out from under

me, took my hand and led me to the bed.

Savoring every moment, he took off my skirt, slowly rolled down my panties and gently stroked the insides of my quivering thighs. I ached to have him inside me, but a disturbing thought crossed my mind. He must have sensed my distress. To my relief he explained that although his growth was stunted, nature had compensated him in other ways. He opened his bathrobe and inch by inch revealed a cock any porn star would have been proud of. A shiver of delight ran through my body, and a grin spread over my face. He asked for a boost up to the bed, and I obliged.

Mr. Johnson's hot organ rubbed

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against my belly, brushed my tits until my nipples stood at attention, and finally found a home in my hungry mouth. All thoughts of his physical handicap vanished as his rock-hard cock hit the warm depths of my throat. I was turned on as never before. I longed to be fucked, and my mighty mite seemed to sense my desire. He slowly pulled his penis away from my lips, jumped down from the bed and had me get down on the floor on my hands and knees. With a happy yelp he reached under the bed and pulled out a foldaway stepstool. He maneuvered it between my legs, so that it was positioned directly behind my juicy pubic pie.


He climbed on the stool, which put him at the perfect height to take me doggy-style, and gently parted the lips of my eager twat. With a manly grunt he thrust his pink steel ramrod deep into my receptacle of pleasure. I rocked in ecstasy as he plunged his huge cock into me again and again, his balls bouncing against the backs of my thighs. His childlike hands gripped my hips as he pumped away at my throbbing cunt.

Finally, we exploded in tremors of hot, wet delight. My moans turned to sighs from the intense sexual release, and my arms buckled under me, leaving my ass sticking high in the air. I thought we were finished, but suddenly my little lover's tongue probed all the way into my asshole. I came again. My boredom with sex had come to an end. Clearly, I'd met my match in this dynamic "giant" of a man.

Still enjoying the afterglow of our lovemaking, I lifted Mr. Johnson on my shoulders and gave him a playful piggyback ride around the room. I could feel his warm cock stiffening against my neck, and his tongue working languorously inside my ear. This little guy was tireless, and that was fine with me.

I stood him on the dresser and started all over again, kissing and biting his rigid dick and working my finger into his asshole. It wasn't long before his cock again burst into milky fireworks. I swallowed every delicious drop, savoring the love juice of the man who had brought me more pleasure in one night than I'd experienced in five years.

We lay together for the next full hour, caressing each other's bodies and talking about how wonderful life could be if people learned to get past physical differences, and experience each other in open, unprejudiced ways.

I've been with a lot of men since then. But none can compare with my favorite client. We're on a once-a-week basis now, and you'd better believe this is one girl who knows that good things do come in small packages. 

Honey

FINDING THEMSELVES ON A HASTILY PLANNED FLIGHT TO WARSAW, POLAND, HONEY AND ILISA GIVE A FLYING LESSON THAT BRINGS FULLER MEANING TO THE WORD COCKPIT.

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HONEY, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP IN RETRIEVING MY COUSIN NADIA FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN!

DON'T THANK ME! THANK MY PILOT FRIENDS HERE FOR GETTING THE GIRLS AND US ON THE FIRST AVAILABLE PLANE TO WARSAW!



AFTER LANDING, THE GIRLS TAKE A BRISK WALK THROUGH THE STREETS OF WARSAW.

EXCUSE ME, BUT I WAS WONDERING WHY THERE ARE SO MANY RUSSIAN TROOPS HERE!

WE ARE HOLDING MANEUVERS IN WARSAW THIS YEAR TO SHOW OUR EVERLASTING UNITY WITH THE POLISH PEOPLE!

BUT DOWNTOWN?

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ILSA'S COUSIN WORKS...



THEY FINALLY FIND NADIA AT HER POST
ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE.



LATER, IN A
POLISH TAVERN...



UPSTAIRS, HONEY FINDS OUT
HOW MANY POLACKS IT
TAKES TO SCREW!

IT IS WONDERFUL TO MAKE SEX WITH
A GIRL WHO HAS NO PROBLEMS
WITH BIRTH
CONTROL!

NO BOWLING
IN ROOMS

D-DON'T THE GIRLS HERE
USE THE P-PILL?

TOO MUCH
TROUBLE! IT
KEEPS FALLING
OUT!

SEX
ALWAYS
MAKE ME
TIRED!

THE NEXT DAY THE GIRLS SUPPORT
NADIA AS SHE PLEADS FOR PERMIS-
SION TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY.

BUT I HAVE
ALWAYS WANTED TO
LIVE IN AMERICA,
WITH MY COUSIN!

JUST ONE LOOK AT THESE
WOMEN AND WE CAN TELL THEY
ARE UP TO THEIR -EH- NECKS
IN WESTERN DECADENCE!

PEOPLE'S COUNCIL
OF MUNITIONS FACTORY WORKERS
Who Want to go to AMERICA

BESIDES, THE RUSSIANS
WILL NOT ALLOW A MUNITIONS
WORKER TO LEAVE! OUR
HANDS ARE TIED!

MAYBE WE COULD
LOOSEN YOUR HANDS AND
STRAIGHTEN THESE
PROBLEMS OUT!

IF YOU COULD
JUST STAMP
THIS VISA?...



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you, the reader, to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

MERCHANDISING RIP-OFF

In their relentless effort to sell worthless junk, mail-order "porn" companies will disguise themselves as clubs, pen pals, sexual/psychological interviewing services, clearing-houses—you name it. In February's *HUSTLER* this column reported how one such operation, called *World Information Survey* (P.O. Box 1096, Hicksville, New York 11802), was busted for fraud. We've also exposed such other postal crooks as the *Glo-Worm Society* in Florida, the *Honeybee Society* in New York City and Mrs. Ingrid Reinholdt in Houston, Texas.

The latest sting operation we've uncovered is *General Merchandising Associates* (3192A Pine Avenue, Long Beach, California 90807). *GMA* passes itself off as a distributor that offers to set you up as a mail-order porn-dealer. It promises you your own business and a "business plan" that will have you making up to \$25,000 a year. All you have to do is "invest" \$29.95 for your first shipment of products at "no risk" to you. But then, after you've sent your money, received a package of absolute garbage and tried to get your \$29.95 back, all you'll get is silence or an offer of more merchandise.

Beware: Any company offering to set you up in the porn business is simply selling you cheap junk at inflated prices.

ACHTUNG!

The motto for a new German loop series called *Schnucki* should be: "Ve have vays of making you horny."

Longer, of better quality (thanks to optical printing) and often hornier than American flicks, each *Schnucki* is loaded up with two or three girls who like to suck and butt-fuck. The first three films in the series are 200 feet long, a minute or two longer than the average loop. The second three (entitled "Freunde der Nacht," "Puss" and "Siebzehn Jahr") are 340 feet, which makes them slightly longer than two ordinary flicks. A seventh film, "Teenie-Bienen Stechen Zu," is 400 feet, making it almost as long as three standard loops—which many viewers might find a little too stretched.

ACN Products (189 Garfield Avenue, Long Branch, New Jersey 07740) sells the *Schnucki* films for \$28 (200 feet), \$37 (340 feet) and \$43 (400 feet), plus \$1 postage and handling per order (not per film). A free brochure is available.

LATIN LUPE DE LOOP

Lately your magazine has been running an ad for *International Home Video Club* that shows a beautiful black lady sitting spread-legged on a television set. Please tell me about this woman and whether I can get some 8mm films of her. —W. W.

Detroit, Michigan

The model is not black—she's Cuban—and her name is Vanessa Del Rio (see *HUSTLER*'s March photo-spread *Vanessa: Spanish Fly*). The star of *Coe Fever* and other X-rated films, Del Rio appears in many loops, including #100 and #103 in the *Showgirl Superstars* series. *Cinema Tech* (60 East 42nd Street, Suite 411, New York, New York 10017) sells them for \$25 apiece.

SELLOUT SCHEME

There is a company called *G&R Distributors* (6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90028), which claims it's having a going-out-of-business sale. "We quit," the ads say. "Because of recent court decisions we're throwing in the towel... closing out all our inventory... at 85% off the list price." *Mail-Order Feedback* is always warning against low prices, but could this be an exception?

—G. H.

Blue Island, Illinois

G&R Distributors is the same as *R&G Distributors* (same address), which was exposed in April 1980's *Mail-Order Feedback*. When you order this company's eight films, you'll get eight

snippets of poor-quality soft-core junk on one little reel. Don't be fooled by any going-out-of-business bullshit. If a company had a warehouse of good porn to get rid of, there are dozens of other porn-dealers who would pay top dollar for it immediately. Besides, if *G&R* were afraid of the law, why would it continue to "sellout" its stuff through the mails?

SLOW-MOTION SMUT

I recently bought some *Dirty Movies* from *Film Collectors Association* (P.O. Box H134, Inglewood, California 90306). The quality is excellent, and I've got no complaints about the films themselves. But I'm curious about the playing time. *FCA*'s brochure says the running time for its regular loops is 14 minutes, but my *Dirty Movies* are more like ten minutes. Is that false advertising?

—L. V.


Fargo, North Dakota

If you look closer at your *FCA* brochure, you'll see it reads: "Approx. time 14 min. at 18 FPS." The key words are *approximate* and *FPS* (frames per second). Regular speed for 8mm films is 24 frames per second, but film companies often time their loops in slow motion, at 18 frames per second, which is 25% slower—and longer. It's a porn-industry standard, one of many designed to make the customer think he's getting more than he really is.

JERK-OFF COMPANY

I sent a check for \$9.95 to *Maxum* (7313 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90046) for a *Maxum II System*, which is pictured in the ad as a glass or plastic vacuum tube for enlarging your penis. But what I got was a big rubber sheath that looks like a balloon, with a hose and mouthpiece connected. I've enclosed it for your inspection. —E. F.

Athens, Ohio

Maxum's ad shows a device called a stroker, which is a plastic pump sold by several firms that promise penis enlargements. But the company sent you—as well as other customers—a cheap rubber "oral vacuum device" worth no more than 50¢. In past columns *Mail-Order Feedback* has repeatedly stated that penis-enlargers do not work. They are mainly jack-off devices that don't even jack you off very well. In your case you didn't even get jacked-off—you got fucked! Our testers report: "Give us a warm human hand any time." 

BIG NAME PORNOSTARS in color films as low \$5 each

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- ☐ **CUM TOGETHER.** Johnny Keyes hustles Candy and Uschi, and he shows them some "Black Magic" with his big black wand. This flick has it all: hard fucking, lezzie sucking, ass reaming and the best tit-fucking you've ever seen.
- ☐ **OLD KING COCK** . . . and the Tit Queens. Featuring Keli, 42DD, Uschi, 42DD, and blockbuster Kitten Natividad 46DD. John Holmes sucks every tit, eats every snatch — stopping only when all three girls suck his gigantic cock high and dry. What a way to cum!
- ☐ **FRINGE BENEFITS.** Candy and Uschi do secretarial work for Johnny Keyes. The pay is good, but the benefits are better. See his giant black rod plug every hole "mother nature" has invented. DICKTATION was never like this!
- ☐ **LONG DISTANCE COCK.** John Holmes repairs Bobbi and Serena's telephone. They go wild over his 14" screwdriver. See this 3-way connection with a 3-way wet climax as John's massive cock get short circuited!
- ☐ **ESCORT SERVICE.** Johnny Wadd, a sailor on leave is looking for action and takes on three hookers from an escort service. He's determined to satisfy them all . . . and he does! It's fucking, sucking and doggie style at it's best!
- ☐ **ALL DAY SUCKER.** John Holmes and porno superstar Serena, hump and suck their way to a boiling climax. See John's "love muscle" get a real workout in this pussy-splitting sizzler!

NOTE: All film reels will contain approximately 190 ft. of film.

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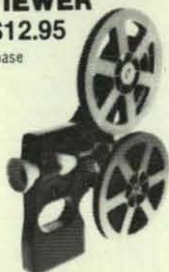
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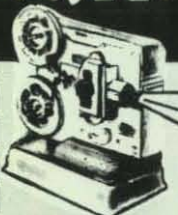
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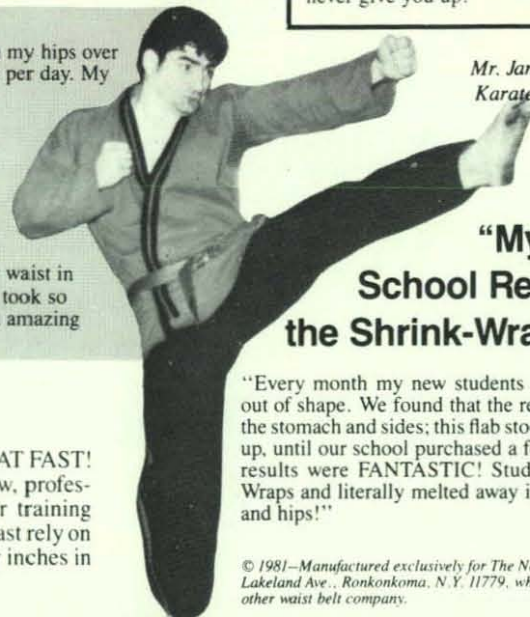
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(continued from page 112)

The sun was going down, and everyone else was up at the main building—a converted chicken coop, where they lived. It was time for the Sunset Chanting, some religious bullshit that Willie never got into. Usually Swallow was big on it, but right now she seemed to prefer the treehouse with Willie. She was sad he'd be leaving, and worried that the ranch might not hold together without him. She was just starting to give him some head when he heard footsteps and whispering voices from below.

Willie looked down and immediately recognized Spunk Sheepshead and Dale Shafter, two of the meanest, orneriest ol' boys in Arkoma County. Those two were heads of the local CCC (Crew Cuts Clan), which had sworn to run the hippies out of the state, one way or another. They'd been sending "Get outa Dodge" warning notes and harassing the girls who went to town. And now they were carrying shotguns.

Willie signaled for Swallow to be quiet. He was trying to determine whether they had come on CCC business, which could mean burning the place down or even lynching. They

didn't have on their costumes; so he figured it must have been something else.

Then he saw the assistant-deputy-sheriff badges they were wearing. It was hard to tell which was worse—getting burned out and lynched, or doing time. If they found his dope stash in the chicken-feed barrel, it could mean some heavy time at McAlester Penitentiary for Willie, and he'd already seen more of Big Mac than he needed for one lifetime.

He realized he was stupid for not hiding the stash off the property like he usually did with big amounts. But Willie had figured his brothers, the Desperadoes, would show up pretty soon, and he really wanted to lay out a down-home hospitality spread for them. Now all the stuff—Colombian Gold, Panama Red and even some genuine Thai stick—was sitting in the feed barrel in leather saddlebags with his initials and fingerprints all over them.

I'd better get that stash outa here somehow, Willie thought, or I'll be too old to ride a chopper by the time I see daylight again.

"I guess they's all up on the hill by the chicken coop," he could hear Dale saying. "They always do some kind of weird singin' or prayin' to the sun. It gives me the creeps just hearin' them. Up to some kind of devilry probably."

"Hell," said Spunk, "I was hopin' to catch a couple of them hippie chicks skinny-dippin' down here. Show them a thing or two, I would."

"Well, I reckon we'd better get up there and help surround them," said Dale, as they headed up the hill. "This is gonna be as easy as takin' pencils from a blind man."

"Yeah, I guess so," said Spunk. "Dammit, I sure was hopin' for some real action. I ain't had a chance to use this new 12 gauge yet."

"You just keep on your guard anyhow. I did hear some rumors that they got some weapons stashed around here somewhere."

When the two were out of earshot, Willie turned to Swallow. "Shee-it, mama, somebody must have snatched us off," he said. "Them boys are working for the sheriff. They've got the place surrounded, I bet. Now here's what we'll do."

The Sunset Chanting had started up. It was nearly dark, and a storm was brewing fast—coming in from the west. Grabbing Willie's sack of firecrackers and rockets, they climbed down from the treehouse. Just as they reached his bike concealed in the bushes, the storm broke with a thunderclap flash of lightning that was

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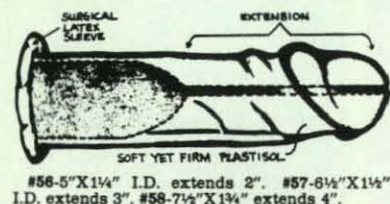
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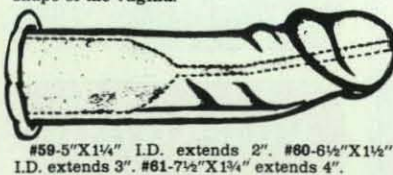
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stronger than anyone had ever seen. It lit up the sky like daylight for a few seconds.

The Beast roared to life on the first kick, and Willie and Swallow went speeding up toward the hilltop, where Arnie Rogers was already lighting some fireworks. "It's a bust!" Willie shouted, tossing firecrackers and rockets in every direction. "The sheriff is here. Eat the dope and run. It's a bust."

Sauntering out from behind a redbud tree, Sheriff Floyd Little was mad as hell. His surprise attack had been ruined. "This is an arrest raid by the sheriff of this here county," he angrily bellowed on a portable loudspeaker. "Stay where you are. Do not move. You are all now under arrest."

Arnie, a veteran of many years in the California hippie scene, had made everyone in the commune practice for this type of situation. Fishing line and snare traps had been strung at various points for potential intruders. There were even several pit traps like the Viet Cong had used, filled with manure instead of bamboo spikes.

Suddenly hogs, cattle, chicken and horses were being let out to create confusion, and then came a fleet of dirt bikes, cars and tractors. Smoke bombs were set off, and tape players were turned on to play weird sounds of animals, trains, gunfire and explosions—all of which totally flustered most of the raiding party. Some of the hippies sneaked over and removed the distributor cap from the pigs' vehicles as fireworks went off everywhere.

Heading for the feed barrel to recover his stash, Wet Willie spotted the bare-assed deputy Spunk—holding his pants in one hand and a hayfork in the other—trying to corner a little teenybopper. Just as the Beast roared by, Spunk dove for cover under the roasting perch and crashed through the rotten boards of the east wall of the coop, falling headfirst into a litter of chickenshit.

Willie circled the house one more time. All the hippies were out hiding in the woods by now, and only the deputies remained—climbing out of the pits or trying to get loose from the traps. He headed for the back road that led to his mama's place, thinking it was time to say good-bye and head back to L.A. But as he pulled around the bend several minutes later, he found about 40 bikes waiting in front of her house. The whole L.A. chapter of the Devil's Desperadoes had ridden down for the party and had stopped there for directions.

"Man, it's good to see you," he told Rankly Rotten Richard and the others. "C'mon down to the farm. You gotta see this to believe it."

Things were wilder than a cat with a hair up its ass when they got there. Exploding fireworks made the place sound like a shooting gallery. The deputies had gotten so tired and thirsty chasing around after the hippies that they'd decided to sample some of the Joy Juice. Now they were all high as hell—giggling, rolling around in the dirt and making fools out of themselves.


One of them was hanging from a tree like a 'possum, crooning Hank Williams songs. Spunk was sitting under the roosting rack singing "raindrops keep falling on my head"—with chickenshit dripping down his face. Sheriff Little was making a campaign speech through his loudspeaker while he sat on the roof of his patrol car, wearing nothing but his hat and holster. Dale Shafter and Johnny Woods were taking target practice on their own cars, laughing as they blew them to bits. And Charley Fried was bear-hugging a big black walnut tree, telling it he loved it.

In the midst of all this chaos Swallow was busy shooting pictures with a videotape camera slung over her shoulder.

"These ol' boys are gonna be famous movie stars!" she shouted above the uproar. "When I'm finished, I'm gonna file away a couple of copies of these tapes in the safe deposit. That's all we'll need to get these pigs off our asses. They won't ever want the locals to see them carrying on like this, that's for damn sure!"

A bunch of other police crawling around on all fours and mumbling gave Rankly Rotten Richard a bright idea. He got the Desperadoes up on their bikes, and they had a real old-fashioned Pig Roundup and Rodeo. With all of the pigs back in the pen, where they belonged, the brothers began a series of riding, roping and tying contests. Once all the police were hogtied and squirming around in the mud, they rounded up the livestock and herded them into the same pen.

"You make sure and send us a copy of that tape," Willie told Swallow, soulfully kissing her sweet lips before he wheeled out of the Love Crusade Ranch, leading the 40 other Desperadoes back to California. "We can show it at our national meeting next year."

Riding the Beast out of town and heading for the Interstate, Wet Willie turned up the music on his cassette player full blast. As long as he had that videotape, the police wouldn't bother him at all the next time he came back to Arkoma County to visit his sick mama. Willie would have to do that a lot more often, now that Swallow Capistrano and her friends were in the picture. 

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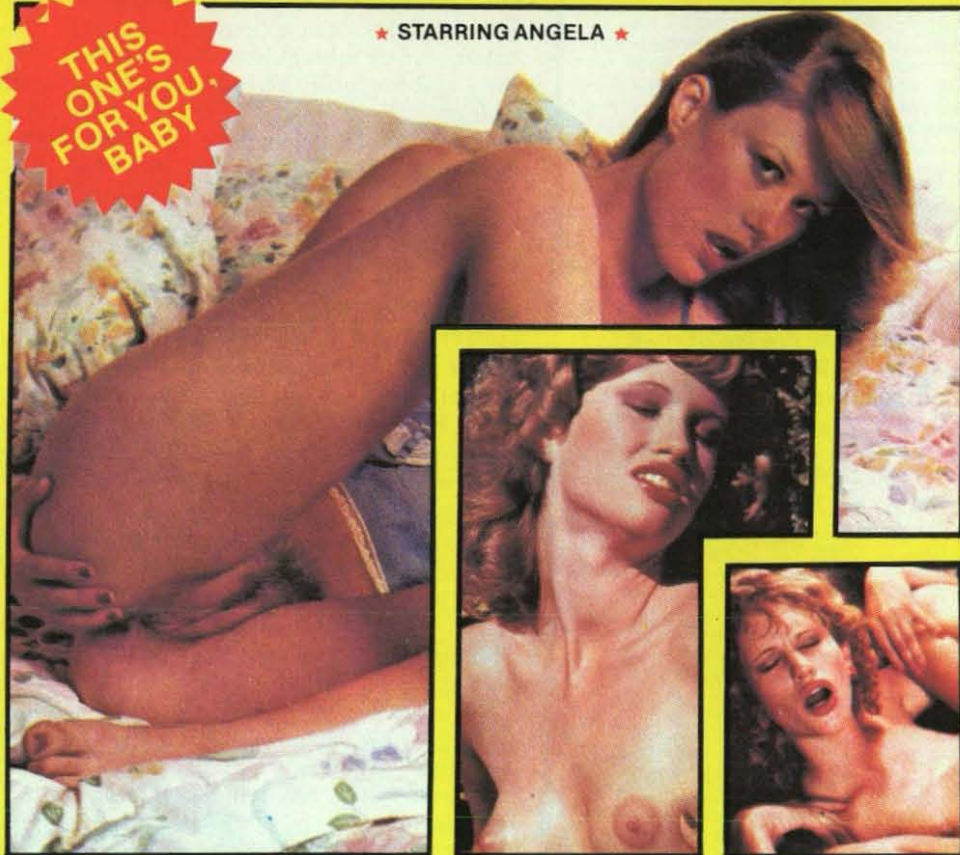
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FREDDY FENDER

(continued from page 90)

one of nine children, he began life in a dirt-floored shack. By the time he was ten, he was employed as a migrant worker along with the rest of his family, baling hay and picking cotton, cucumbers and cabbages in Southern and Mid-western fields. When he was seven, his father died of tuberculosis. Even at that early age his future already seemed ill-starred.

"I saw my father die," he recalled in measured tones, between the strippers' numbers. "We have an old Spanish custom where, when the father dies, he gives the kids the sign of the cross as a blessing. I was the last one to get it. And when I got there, he would do *nothing*! I said, 'Please, help me!' He said, 'You'd better behave, or I'm telling your mother to put you in reform school right now!' He finally said he would give me the blessing, but they had to hold his hand up. By then he was almost gone."

Baldemar Huerta (who later took his gringo stage name from the manufacturer of the guitar he played) spent his early teenage years following the harvests, roving from Louisiana to Michigan with the rest of the family in an old 1939 Ford. He recalls the late 1940s as a period of heavy discrimination against Mexican-American migrant workers.

"They would have signs in restaurants that said, NO MEXICANS ALLOWED. You could sit there for an eternity and not get served—that is, if they didn't just throw you out! Once our old Ford broke down. We stopped at a service station in Texas to get it fixed. My mother and sister wanted to go to the rest room, but the man refused. I was only ten years old, and I wanted to beat the shit of him! But what could I do?"

Fender dropped out of school in the eighth grade. "If they caught you talkin' Spanish, they'd put a bar of Lifebuoy soap in your mouth in front of the class," he remembered. At age 16 he enlisted in the Marine Corps. Fighting, heavy drinking and stealing food from the mess hall repeatedly landed him in the brig until he was finally booted out three years later with a bad-conduct discharge.

Fender's musical inclinations had begun many years earlier, when—as a child—he first learned to pick on a broken-backed three-stringed guitar and sang on street corners. He grew up on a steady diet of early Tex-Mex accordion music. Later, working in Arkansas cotton fields, he fell in love with what was then called Negro blues. "There was this black joint near where we

bought groceries on Saturdays," he recounted. "I'd sneak in and listen to the music until they threw me out."

After his discharge, Fender plunged into music full-time, calling himself "El Bebop Kid." He enjoyed fleeting success in the mid-1950s with a Spanish version of "Don't Be Cruel," prompting admirers to dub him "Elvis Presley Mexicano." In 1959 he hit the regional-sales charts again with an original tune called "Wasted Days and Wasted Nights," which sold 100,000 records. (When the song was rereleased in 1976, it sold 2 million copies.)

He saw little or no money from these early recording ventures while he continued to eke out a living singing for a few dollars a night in violent Chicano clubs and low-rent, shit-kicker road-houses. "Those places were tough, man!" he said, shaking his head. "I would die if I had to go back. You'd play five or six hours, and everybody would be be drunk and screamin', 'Play this one! Play that one! If you don't sing it, I'm gonna kick your damn ass, you son of a bitch!'"

Fender pulled back his collar to reveal a long scar on his neck and pointed to the crease in his nose where it was once broken—both mementos of those early honky-tonk days. "A guy had fingernail clippers sharpened into a knife," he said, touching the scar. "You could see the jugular vein where he cut me. I was so drunk at the time, I didn't give a damn!"

But Fender's ultimate downer hit him quite unexpectedly on the night of a Friday the 13th in 1960. Playing at a dive in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, he was busted on a marijuana charge.

"Two joints! And we didn't even get to smoke 'em!" He laughed at the outrage. "They busted us right off the bandstand. A guy came over with a paper, and I said, 'Sorry, we don't do requests.' He said, 'Get ya damn ass off that bandstand right now!'"

Fender spent the next three years in the Louisiana State Penitentiary at Angola, a grim hellhole situated near the Mississippi River and surrounded by swamps full of rattlers and cottonmouths. The joint was so rough that inmates sometimes slept with Sears & Roebuck catalogs tied to their chests as protection against stabbings. Fender pulled weeds on chain gangs and did several stints in solitary.

"It was a bare concrete floor with a pipe running down through a hole, and the edge of the hole was where you shit," he recalled. "Sometimes you had toilet paper; sometimes you didn't. You couldn't smoke or nothin', and you only got two slices of bread a day with just



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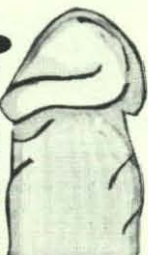
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the color of spinach smeared on them. The worst thing was when the guy in the cell next to you went berserk, and they carried him away. I saw that many times."

Fender shuddered, and took a stiff pull on his beer. Recently, his ex-warden from Angola had come back-stage to present him with the key to his former cellblock. Fender sat with his back to a large mirror in his dressing room, staring at the key after the warden left.

"It *still* makes me nervous to talk to him!" he said. "Aye! If I were to have this key back then... *Adios, Maraquita Linda!* I would have me a sugarcane business in Cuba right now! I told him, 'Next time, bring me the *new* key. I might need it someday!'"

Fender was released from the Louisiana penitentiary in 1963 and returned to San Benito, where he lived in a cheap hotel. He also separated from his wife for the first of many times. "Hell, if I had a dollar for every time I split with my wife, I'd buy me a brand-new limousine! I've been married, divorced, married and divorced again—this time hopefully for the last time."

As a result, he considers himself an expert on the subject of matrimony. "You know, the biggest hooker in the world is a housewife," Fender observed. "The only difference between a hooker and a housewife is the hooker does it with a lot of people. A wife only hooks for you, but she takes more money than a hooker would. In the morning she puts her hands in the pockets of your pants to see how much money you have. If you ever wake up without any bucks in your pocket, you *know* who took it!"

Fender spent the first couple of years after prison in the same day-for-night swing-shift depths of shabby beer joints and dead-end minimum-wage jobs that he'd known in the old days. Before his parole board called him back, he drifted across the border to work in Matamoros, Mexico, nightclubs. He ended up in New Orleans, where he spent three years playing guitar in strip joints along Bourbon Street, backing up trashy acts like "The Leopard Woman" and "The Cat Woman."

"It was a crazy life!" he sighed, nostalgically. "Sometimes we wouldn't start playing till 3:30 a.m., and we'd keep right on till sometimes 12 or one in the afternoon. I was always on uppers, and I'd drink a fifth of whiskey a night. It got to the point where a woman wouldn't excite me unless she had clothes on! I got into lots of fights. Every night they'd beat the hell out of somebody. I saw a guy's eye pop out one time."

He then took a music gig in Jackson, Mississippi, and wound up back in jail on a vagrancy charge. From there he drifted on to Memphis, where he remembers "playing for peanuts and living on beans for four days."

Eventually, Fender headed back to Texas and reunited with his wife, Vangie, and his family. They subsisted at a poverty level as he worked another string of dead-end jobs. But once more he grew restless. He split with Vangie again, moved to Brownsville, Texas, and almost married another woman before reconsidering.

Though he never did give up entirely on his dream of hitting the big time, Fender was by now in his late 30s. "I was beginning to think I was too old and should maybe hang up my gloves," he reflected.

The person who changed Fender's mind was Huey Meaux. Working out of his Sugar Hill Studios in Houston, Meaux had produced more than 30 gold records. Like Fender, he too had been away in the Big House. He'd served time in the early 1970s for conspiracy to violate the Mann Act after allegedly transporting an underage female prostitute to a disc-jockey convention in Nashville in order to—as one music-business veteran put it—"do promotion like we used to in the old days."

"I was very paranoid around Huey when I first started working with him," Fender recalled. "Because he had been away, my parole officers were very uptight. They acted like they wanted to send me back." (Meaux was pardoned by President Jimmy Carter in 1977.)

By 1973 Fender had recorded—by his own reckoning—nearly 200 singles and nine LPs in Spanish. His wife had kicked him out again, and he was staying with some relatives in Houston when Meaux first got him to listen to "Before the Next Teardrop Falls."

"He hated it, man!" the producer said. "Just like he hated every one of his hits. But I talked him into recordin' it anyway. I already had the instrumental tracks recorded. I had tried six or seven different singers on it, but none of 'em were right. Freddy got the song down in ten minutes, on the second take, even though he'd never heard it before."

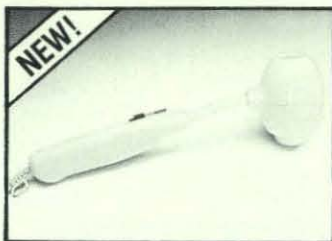
That was undoubtedly the most profitable ten minutes Fender ever spent in his life. The song sold nearly 3 million copies.

"When it hit, I was so conditioned to failure, I just couldn't believe it," he said. "In fact, I still don't believe it. I couldn't understand why anybody liked it. But it just took off like wildfire, man! Boom-boom-boom-boom!... And *double boom!*"

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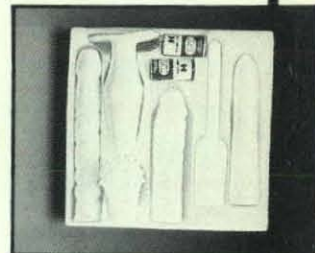


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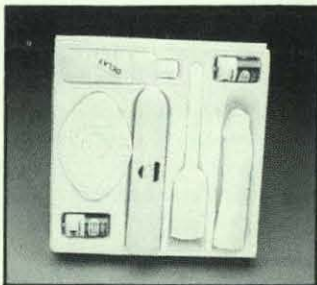
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What Fender didn't mention is the accompanying uneasiness he felt at the prospect of becoming a country-and-western singer—a hero to all those white shit-kickers who had persecuted him in his earlier years. "Up to that time I had worked with Freddy for four years trying for a hit, and neither one of us didn't have no money," Meaux said. "But I'll never forget when 'Teardrop' first hit Texas. I got a letter from Freddy's lawyer. He wanted to cancel my contract! Shocked the livin' shit outa me!"

Despite Fender's reluctance to do country music, he stayed with Meaux, and the number-one hits continued. In the course of the next two years he sold more than 7 million records. The recording-company executives who had once ridiculed Fender as looking *too* Mexican were now lining up at fancy receptions to lick the dust off his lizardskin cowboy boots. Similarly, the American public seemed to take this unlikely candidate for stardom to its heart.

"Freddy was a novelty," said Meaux, explaining Fender's meteoric rise. "He just didn't look like no pretty boy. He looked like a fun-lovin' guy that everybody wanted to be his buddy."

Yet only months after "Teardrop" had passed the million-sales mark, one Nashville executive recalled having to lend Fender a hundred dollars. "Freddy's always been too big-hearted, man," Meaux remarked. "People always talk him outa his money. Hell, if he had a diamond ring on, you could walk up to him and put a cryin' story on him, and he'd give it to ya!"

But it wasn't just generosity that did Fender in. It was also the greed of those around him. The same Nashville executive remembered hearing the singer and his road manager arguing loudly after a show one night over who would keep the proceeds. "Seems like for a while there, everybody had a percentage of Freddy," he said.

After a few good years the hits began to dwindle for Fender—as did his enthusiasm for producer Huey Meaux and the recording business. Thus began the slow slide that culminated in their parting ways in early 1980, and later to the fiasco on the stage last summer at the Silver Bird.

"I love the cat, but I don't know where his head's at anymore," Meaux shrugged. "Freddy's biggest problem is he's got self-destruct buttons all over him. He does things that hurt him. In the last couple of years he's got tired, and he's got down in the valley with some radical dudes that changed his mind about gringos."

"I don't know if Freddy can come back again or not. Sometimes it's hard to

take a guy who's had a name and who's run into problems and patch him up and make him shiny again—not unless he can hang another song like 'Teardrop' up there. Freddy's made a lot of enemies along the way."

By seven in the morning, in the midst of prowling the Vegas Strip, Fender didn't seem to be overly concerned about the question of a comeback. If things were right, he said, he might go back with Meaux. But in the meantime he had more-pressing plans—most of them having to do with the German blonde from the dressing room, who was now sitting next to him in a dimly lit Mexican restaurant. Fender was working on a bowl of *menudo*, a south-of-the-border stew made from hominy, hot spices and the hooves and innards of a cow. It is also said to be a cure for hangovers.

"Freddy is so beautiful," volunteered another girl at the table, a hefty blond hooker. "That big soft hairy belly of his feels so good against you, it makes you want to do *anything*!"


Momentarily leaving the conversation and the women behind, Fender headed off to take a leak. As he picked his way gingerly across the slippery bathroom floor where someone had just finished puking up some *tortillas con quesos*, his mood turned introspective and sullen. "Sometimes," he sighed dispiritedly, "I think I'm still in love with my wife."

But as Fender returned to his table, his spirits seemed to lift again. He clutched his 15th or 16th beer as he paid the check and left with his companions. At the restaurant's door the unrelenting glare of the mid-morning sunshine hit him in the face like a bad joke. "Ugghh!" he moaned. "Will ya please turn them lights down!"

During the drive back up the Strip toward the Silver Bird the blond actress in the backseat with Fender was humming "Before the Next Teardrop Falls." "I love that song, Freddy!" she cooed in a syrupy voice. "It makes me cry."

"Hell, I got a new one called 'Enter My Heart,'" he told her as the car pulled into the hotel's parking lot. "I think it's gonna be even bigger than that one was!" Walking toward the lobby, he began to hum the melody.

"I have faith that things will work out for me," he said softly, still holding his bottle of lukewarm beer. "After all, the Good Lord takes care of idiots like me!"

Freddy Fender let loose with one last hearty burst of laughter. A moment later the elevator doors shut, and he and the blonde disappeared. 

SEX PLAY

(continued from page 34)

reduced sexual powers." Thus, the subjective feelings of immeasurable and unquestionable sexual ability often brought on by a hit of coke may be misleading. Contrary to popular belief, cocaine, when taken in large doses, can inhibit sexual potency rather than enhance it.

But coke is a whimsical chemical, known for its unpredictability among those who use it in a sexual context. Some men who snort toot, for instance, can't get it up, while others can't get it back down. With women, the physical effects may be perceived by the body as a localized sensation, a peripheral one or both. As Carolyn T. describes it, "For me, a coke high is very sexual all by itself. When I snort some lines of blow, I feel breathless and revved-up, like when I'm almost ready to come... only it isn't just a genital sensation. My whole body feels supercharged with sexual energy, and I can focus it wherever I want."

One of cocaine's early uses in the United States was as an anesthetic. Applied directly to the mucous membranes of the genitalia, coke can cause complete loss of external sensation. The ritual of putting coke on the genital area occurs fairly frequently, and although it's a showy way to impress your partner, it may be an impractical as well as a costly one. Sure, a man's staying power may improve, but physical pleasure could be sacrificed in the process, not to mention that a nerve-deadened clit isn't anyone's idea of a good time.

Or is it? There are occasions when a numb clit spells welcome relief. After several orgasms many women develop hypersensitivity in this tender organ; so further stimulation becomes irritating, if not painful. Cocaine also eases the pain of anal or vaginal intercourse, and has helped certain men overcome premature ejaculation.

Whether worthy of praise or condemnation, coke reigns supreme as a turn-on drug—and for some, their jealously guarded sex-stash is rarely raided for any other purpose. Most of us realize, however, that the mind is the greatest aphrodisiac of all. That's why the role of expectation must not be ignored or underestimated. In other words, if you believe coke will turn you on, then most likely it will.

Considered a potent central-nervous-system stimulant, cocaine has been classified (with amphetamines and narcotics) as a Schedule II substance in accordance with the Comprehensive Drug Abuse Prevention and Control Act of


1970. Drugs in this category have a high abuse potential with small recognized medical value.

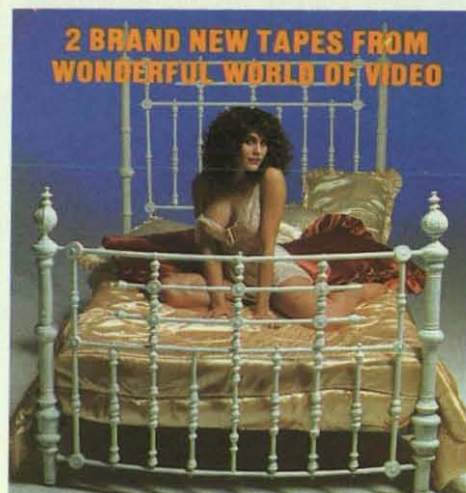
The fact remains that coke can kill. When acute cocaine poisoning ends in death, it is usually from mainlining the drug, and is generally due to respiratory collapse—often within two to three minutes after administration of the hit. But with massive doses, cardiac arrest can occur almost instantly. Ironically, overdose deaths traceable to street coke are relatively rare because the purity has been "cut" (diluted with inert substances) many times in order to increase profits.

Even so, coke deaths increased 100% from 1974 to 1977. In 1975 the Federal Drug Abuse Warning Network (DAWN) reported more than 200,000 drug-related emergencies. Of these, 3,000 were coke-related, and cocaine accounted for 53 of 7,196 drug deaths.

Conflicting information concerning the risks and benefits of cocaine has reached epidemic proportions, particularly in relation to "freebasing." This somewhat new practice of smoking cocaine alkaloid—also known as "freebase"—is currently a major health risk. Freebase is a substance formed from an intermediate phase of coca-leaf processing. Street coke is converted back into freebase, using a readily available commercial extraction kit. Smoked in either cigarette form or in special pipes, freebase delivers about 300 milligrams per hit, and the "high"—though intense—can have undesirable, even tragic, consequences.

Among the possible psychological effects are excessive euphoria, an intense feeling of unhappiness or a relentless and profound paranoia. Physiological problems associated with the practice include insomnia and loss of weight. Freebasing can also be hazardous to a healthy sex life. While an occasional toke might enhance sex by helping relieve tension, regular use can cause such a preoccupation with the next hit that making love is forgotten altogether. With the ever-increasing popularity of freebase parties, potential health risks are similarly on the rise.

Cocaine's current revival can probably be explained by the pleasure-seeking impulse in all of us. People tend to search out and repeat whatever feels good, regardless of the consequences. In spite of almost eight decades of anti-coke propaganda and stiff jail sentences for its use, more people than ever are using what was once called the "pimp's drug." And it is doubtful that any future legislation will be successful in destroying cocaine's reputation as the fuck drug of the 20th century. 



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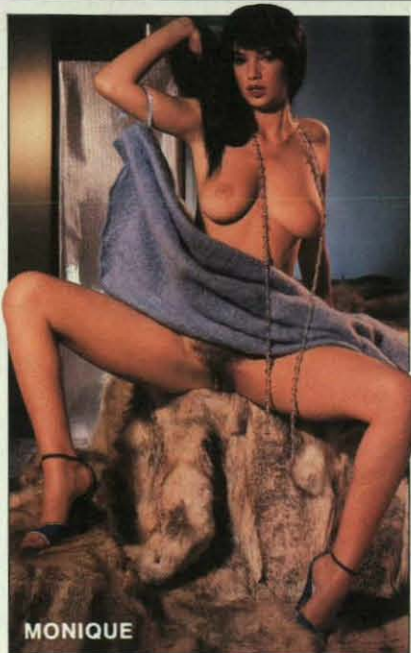
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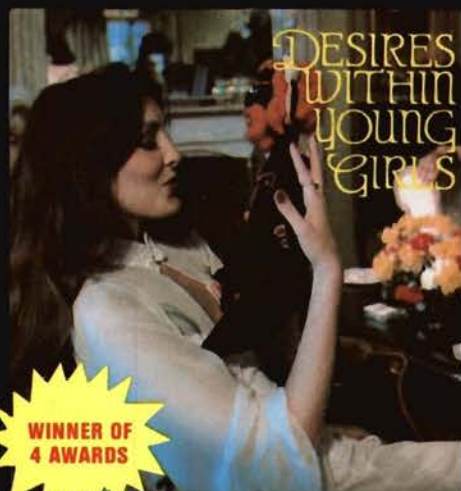
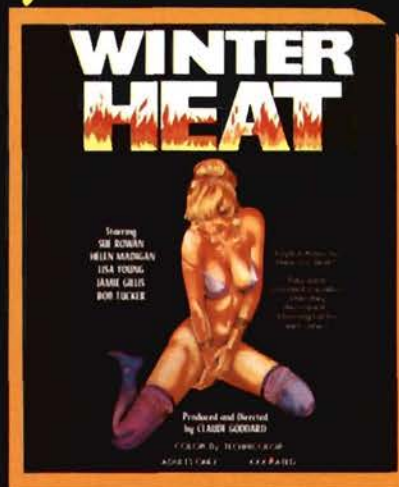
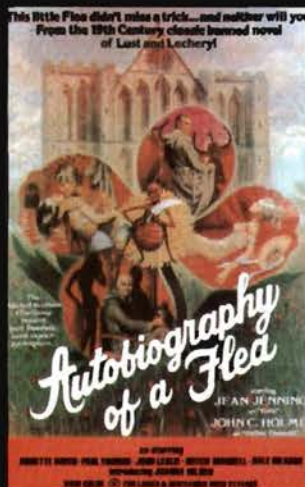
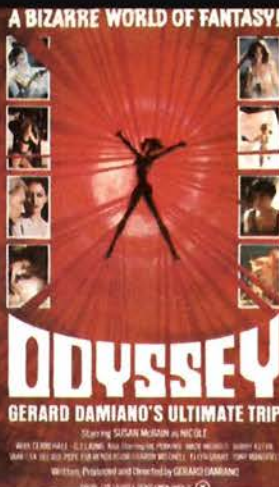
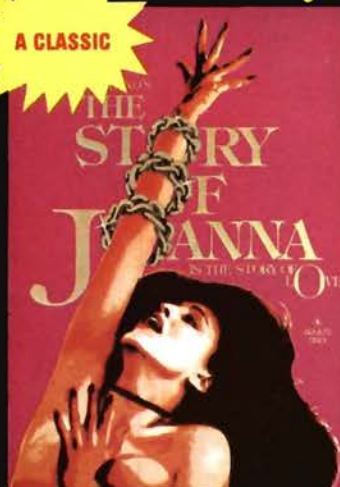
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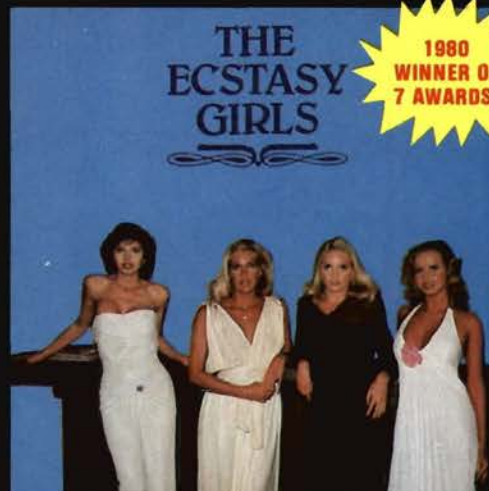
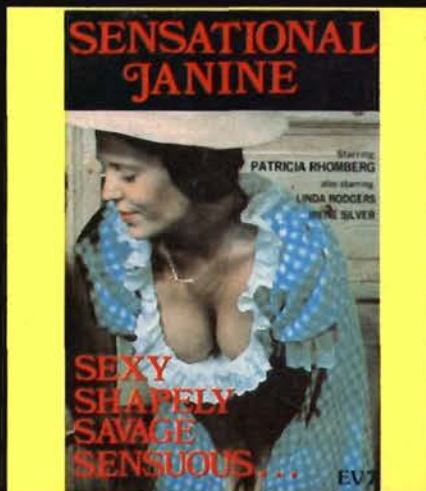


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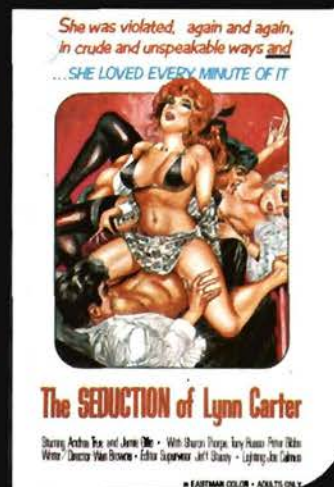
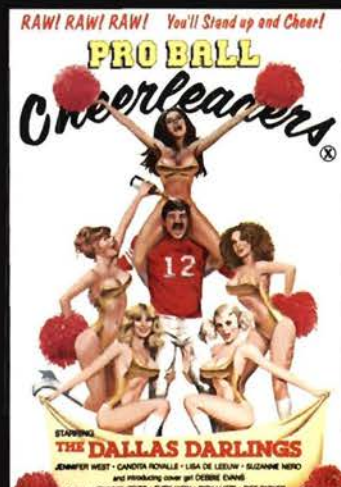
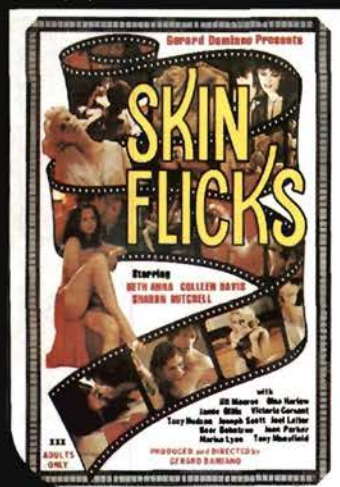
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